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SIXPENCE

JUNE 7, 1945



FIRST COMMANDER OF H.M.S. VANGUARD, Captain W. G. Agnew, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O. and Bar, R.N., on her deck has for background the displayed battle honours of his ship's predecessors. The first Vanguard helped to destroy the Spanish Armada, in 1588; and this, our most powerful battleship, is the ninth to bear the honoured name. Her gunnery, damage control, and radar equipment are unexcelled. The most comfortable mess deck in the Navy, electric labour-saving devices, and other amenities combine to make her a "happy ship." See also illus. pages 112-113.

Photo, Central Press

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Honours in Holland for Winston S. Churchill



FIRST FOREIGN STATESMAN TO ADDRESS THE NETHERLANDS PARLIAMENT, at The Hague, Mr. Churchill began his visit to the country by creating this precedent on May 9, 1946. After receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Law at Leyden University (1), he is seen with Queen Wilhelmina (2) on a balcony of the Royal Palace, Amsterdam, acknowledging the people's tribute; with Princess Juliana's and Prince Bernhard's children (3); addressing the Netherlands Parliament (4). Seated on the dais are Mrs. Churchill (right) and Mary Churchill (left). PAGE 98

Secrets of the Italian Armistice

by FRIEDL ORLANDO
Formerly engaged on British
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concerning Italian affairs

THE date was August 19, 1943. Darkness was falling on Lisbon when a taxi stopped outside the British Embassy. Out stepped two civilians who, after a furtive glance down the road, rushed into the building. Some time later another taxi arrived, bringing two high-ranking Allied officers. Immediately they were shown into the private rooms of the British Ambassador, Sir Hugh Campbell, who received them with great cordiality. Did they think they had been watched?

No, their whole journey since they left Algiers had gone according to plan. The German agents in Portugal were apparently too busy gambling and amusing themselves at the Estoril. The Ambassador introduced the two civilians to the two officers, who, without saying a word, answered only with a short bow. More would have been too much: the two civilians were The Enemy.

Not a month had passed since Italy had rid herself of the Fascist regime, but more than ever she had become involved in the German alliance. Hitler, who only a few weeks earlier had assured Mussolini that he had no troops to spare for the defence of Italy, had, after Mussolini's fall, sent division after division across the Alps. He was blackmailing the new Government and forcing the recalcitrant Italians to fight on in his war.

The Predicaments of Badoglio

The Allies had freed Sicily, and an invasion of the mainland would not be far off. Marshal Badoglio, the new Head of the Italian Government, knew that the Italian people wanted peace with the Allies at any price. After Mussolini's fall the whole population of Italy had come out into the streets and squares to demonstrate for peace. They had taken it for granted that the fall of Fascism meant also Italy's breaking away from the Nazi alliance. Badoglio, terrified of the German reaction, had managed to suppress these demonstrations by martial law.

But he realized that his Government had received from the people only a short lease of life and that, if he did not soon come to terms with the Allies, he would be swept away as Mussolini was before him. But what if he entered into negotiations with the Allies, and the Germans got wind of it? The Nazis would instal a rabid Fascist Government, and Italy's last hope of freedom would have vanished for good. Mussolini was still safely guarded by the King's Carabinieri, but Farinacci or some other Nazi stooge would always be at hand to preside over a quisling Government if the Germans so desired. These conflicting arguments in Badoglio's mind made him hesitate and waver for some weeks; meanwhile, German troops were comfortably establishing themselves in the country. At last, giving way to the heavy political pressure from inside, Badoglio decided to contact the Allies.

On August 12, a delegation of the Italian Foreign Office left Rome on their way to Lisbon. There they were to receive the staff of the Italian Embassy in Santiago de Chile who, since diplomatic relations between Chile and Italy had been broken off, were returning to Rome. Attached to the Foreign Office delegation was a certain Signor Raimondo, an official of the Ministry of Foreign Exchange. "Signor Raimondo," whose real name was General Giuseppe Castellano, did not know a word of English; he therefore made friends on the train with a young Foreign Office official, Franco Montanari, a graduate of Harvard, and they became inseparable.

At Madrid on August 15 Castellano presented himself to the British Ambassador,

After he had shown Sir Samuel Hoare a letter of introduction from the British Minister to the Vatican, he was received with great cordiality. On hearing about the purpose of General Castellano's mission Sir Samuel expressed great satisfaction and cabled to Quebec, where President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill were just meeting.

Two days later, Castellano and Montanari arrived in Lisbon as inconspicuous civilians. The British Ambassador there immediately asked General Eisenhower to send two of his personal representatives to hear the Italian delegates' proposals. An American, Major-General Walter Bedell Smith, and an Englishman, Brigadier Kenneth W. Strong, arrived on behalf of the Commander-in-Chief,

surrender they would not be able to fulfil them. How could they surrender territory which, though nominally Italian, was practically in German hands? How could they recall their divisions in the Balkans when these were surrounded by German troops and, in view of their lack of supplies, could not even hope to fight their way out?

The Allied answer was that all that was required of Italy was the fulfilment of the terms to the best of her ability. In Castellano's arguments and objections the Allied officers saw but an attempt to bargain for advantages, a sign that the Italians did not really mean business. Eventually it was decided that Castellano should return to Rome and submit the terms to his Government. A reply should be sent by radio to Algiers not later than August 30. He was given a radio transmitting and receiving set.

The departure of the diplomatic train which was to bring the staff of the Santiago Embassy to Rome was delayed. For four



SIGNING THE ITALIAN ARMISTICE on September 3, 1943, at Cassibile, Sicily. Maj.-Gen. W. Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, is watched by (left to right) Commodore R. M. Dicks, Royal Navy; Maj.-Gen. W. Rooks, U.S.A.; Captain D. Hann, Brigadier Strong's A.D.C.; General Castellano, Italy; Brigadier K. W. Strong in background; and Signor Montanari, Italy.

Mediterranean. Their meeting with Castellano and Montanari, on August 19, lasted from 10.30 in the evening to 7.30 in the morning. It might as well have been shorter, for General Eisenhower's delegates simply presented the Italians with twelve terms of surrender apparently prepared and decided upon some time previously. It was a matter of "take it or leave it," a demand, in fact, for unconditional surrender.

THE terms stipulated immediate cessation of hostilities, immediate end of all help to the Germans, release of Allied prisoners, handing over of all Italian territory as a base for future Allied operations, handing over of the Italian Fleet and Air Force, the recalling of all Italian troops abroad, and postponement of all discussions on economic and political matters. The only bright spot for the Italians was a telegram, dispatched a few hours earlier by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, promising that Italy's lot would be improved according to the measure in which she contributed to the war effort of the United Nations.

General Castellano was flabbergasted. His orders were to explain to the Allies that Italy wanted to drive the Germans out of the country, and to ask for Allied help; in short, he was to establish some kind of military collaboration. He tried to explain to the Allied officers that even if the Italian Government would accept the terms of

more days Castellano and Montanari had to hide in Lisbon, haunted by the fear of being discovered by German agents. When they finally boarded the train on August 23, the sealed envelope containing the terms of surrender was handed to the Ambassador to Chile as a matter of precaution. The Italian Minister in Lisbon told him that the papers contained extremely important information of a financial and commercial nature. And, in his ignorance, the good man carried them through stretches of German-occupied France. On the journey to Lisbon the diplomatic train had run into heavy bombings, but there were no air attacks on the homeward journey. The Allies took care that Castellano should arrive safely in Rome!

For more than two weeks the Italian Government had had no sign of life from Castellano. Fearing that he had been caught by German agents they had dispatched another delegate, General Zanussi. He was accompanied by a distinguished Allied prisoner, General Carton de Wiart, V.C., whom the Italians had set free as a sign of their good faith. The idea was not a very happy one: General Carton de Wiart was a very notable figure, tall, with a big moustache and with only one arm and one eye. It was a miracle that the mission escaped German notice. Moreover, the appearance of another Italian delegate at Lisbon raised new suspicions in the minds of the Allies, and doubts as to the authenticity of the first one. They were dispelled only when, on

August 27, Algiers received a radio message announcing Castellano's arrival in Rome.

Two days passed, during which King Victor Emmanuel, Marshal Badoglio, the Chief of the General Staff and a few trusted advisers, considered the Allied terms. The majority of the Cabinet Ministers did not even know that Badoglio had been in touch with the Allies. On August 31, General Castellano, equipped with a Government memorandum, was again dispatched to the Allied side. He arrived in Sicily by plane, and was received by General Smith and Brigadier Strong, who drove him to an open camp at Cassibile, near Syracuse.

Germans Ignorant of Armistice

In a tent erected in an olive grove Castellano submitted Badoglio's memorandum: the Italian Government, it said, would have been glad to accept the terms as they stood; but in view of the fact that Italy was a German-occupied country they needed guarantees of Allied military assistance. They asked for an Allied landing in force north of Rome, on the very date the Armistice would be announced, because Italian forces could not hold the capital against a German onslaught. In addition, they wanted to be informed some time in advance of the Armistice announcement and of the exact spot of the landing.

The Allies were surprised at what seemed to them highly unjustified curiosity on the part of the Italian Government. Castellano was sent back to Rome with the reply that Allied plans had already been worked out and could neither be altered nor discussed with the Italians. It was also hinted to Castellano that, if his Government found it so difficult to make up their minds, perhaps the Allies would assist them with some bombing of Rome and thus speed the process.

So when Castellano returned again to Sicily he brought the news that Italy was ready to accept the terms unconditionally. In the afternoon of September 3, 1943, the Armistice between Italy and the United Nations was signed in the olive grove near Cassibile. General Smith signed for the Allied Commander-in-Chief, General Castellano for Marshal Badoglio. Present at the ceremony were General Eisenhower and the civilian representatives of the British and United States Governments, Mr. Harold Macmillan and Mr. R. D. Murphy. However, at the moment of signature, the civilians left the tent to underline the purely military character of the instrument. Afterwards, when the officers stepped out of the tent, each broke an olive branch from the tree that shadowed the entrance.

THE Armistice was signed, but the Germans did not know it. Nor did the Italian people, nor the majority of the Government. The Allies had agreed with Castellano that it should be announced simultaneously by the Allied Commander-in-Chief and Marshal Badoglio. As the announcement was to coincide with the main Allied landing in Italy, date and hour were to be chosen by General Eisenhower. Marshal Badoglio would be informed only a few hours earlier. The proclamation to the Italian people and Armed Forces which he was to read on that occasion had already been drafted and, with a few modifications, had been approved by General Eisenhower. But the Italian Government was working under a dangerous illusion: Castellano had assured them that from conversations with Allied officers in Sicily he had gathered that the Armistice would not be made public before September 12 at the earliest.

However, on the 7th the Italians were informed by Allied H.Q. that two American officers were on their way to Rome. They were Brigadier-General Maxwell Taylor, vice-commander of the U.S. parachute forces, and Colonel W. T. Gardiner, of the U.S. Air

Great Stories of the War Retold

Forces. They would disembark at night near Gaeta, and were to be taken to Rome immediately under the pretext that they were two Allied airmen who had crashed in the sea and been rescued.

On their arrival in Rome the two Americans asked to be shown to the Commander of the Rome Area, General Carboni. They had come to place themselves under his command. For this was the Allied plan: the Armistice would be announced the next day, September 8; simultaneously there would be an Allied landing in force at a place which they were still not authorized to specify. What they could say, however, was that an entire American parachute division was ready to take Rome by assault and defend the city

against the Germans. But it was imperative that Italian troops should hold all airports in and around Rome for three or four nights to enable the entire division to land.

General Carboni was shocked. It was the first time he had ever heard of such a plan. If, as General Taylor hinted, Castellano had suggested it, he must have done so on his own initiative and without any proper knowledge of the facts. And the facts were that all airports were virtually in German hands, that the Italian troops were insufficiently trained, that they had not enough petrol, and that their ammunition would last for only two hours' fighting. General Carboni also appeared to hope that the Germans, when hearing of the Armistice, might voluntarily retreat—provided, of course, they were not attacked. This was the kind of wishful thinking which at the time was shared by many Italian and Allied officers, and was largely the cause of the subsequent disaster.

At three o'clock on the morning of September 8 the two Americans asked to be led to Marshal Badoglio, who, roused from sleep, confirmed Carboni's views. But to him the greatest shock was the imminence of the Armistice announcement. Having banked on a later date the Italian High Command had not yet done anything to inform the various H.Q.s as to the imminent change of alliance, and no instructions had been issued. Again, it had been the fear of the Germans finding out too early which had prompted them to leave everything to the very last moment. But, it now appeared, the very last moment had already passed. How could they hope, in the few hours that were left, to reach all the outlying commands, all the ships at sea?

Shameful Flight to Allied Camp

Badoglio sent an S.O.S. to Eisenhower, asking him to postpone the announcement. "Do you think the delay will be granted?" somebody asked General Taylor after the message had been dispatched. "Only if they happen to be in a very good mood over there," was the answer. General Taylor himself sent a two-word message to Algiers, "Situation innocuous"—the latter being the word agreed upon in case a cancellation of the parachutists' plan became necessary; and the planes ready for the take-off were taxied back into their hangars.

When he received Badoglio's telegram General Eisenhower was apparently not in "a very good mood." And even if he had been it would probably have been quite impossible to stop the great seaborne operation, already in progress. At 6.30 p.m. he announced the Armistice on Radio Algiers. And after some renewed wavering and consultation with the King, Marshal Badoglio followed suit one hour later.

AT midnight, the Germans attacked the Italian troops protecting the capital. Next morning, the King, Marshal Badoglio, the High Command and most of the Ministers, were on their shameful flight into the safety of the Allied camp. But the citizens of Rome, supported by disbanded soldiers, fought a hopeless battle for two more days. The Allied forces were far off, engaged in deadly struggle on the beaches of Salerno. In order to have air-cover they had landed far south of the capital and could do nothing for its protection. And, instead of attacking with fifteen divisions, as the Italians had hoped, they had landed with only four in face of vastly superior German forces.

It was a bad beginning all round. Understandable yet fatal distrust on the part of the Allies, fear mixed with wishful thinking on the part of Badoglio, had produced a disastrous result. For the Allies it heralded a drawn-out and most bitter campaign, and for Italy the most tragic period in her history.



Colours: Black Bull with Red Horns and Hoofs on Yellow Background

11TH ARMoured DIVISION

FORMED in the years between Dunkirk, June 1940, and D-Day, June 1944, and trained mainly in N. Ireland, the Division became one of the Allied armoured spearheads in the liberation of Europe. Commanded by Major-General G. P. B. Roberts, the Division landed on the Normandy beach-head on June 13, 1944, and two weeks later, June 26-27, fought its way across the river Odon to Hill 112, drove the enemy from it and withstood counter-attacks before being withdrawn.

In its second action, July 18-20, east of Caen, the loss of 115 tanks in one day was sustained, but the battle proved a vital factor in the subsequent Allied break-out from the beach-head.

In the historic Falaise Gap phase the Division, heavily engaged throughout, fought along the entire length of the pocket, exploited a weakly-held enemy flank and captured Beny Bocage, August 1. The clearing of the pocket continued, and the Division took Vassy, Flers, Putanges and Briouze before a junction with the Americans at Argentan on August 19.

THE closing of the Falaise Gap and the crossing of the Seine was the signal for the Division to start its spectacular dash to capture Amiens and the bridges over the Somme, August 31. Antwerp, 96 miles away, was reached within the next 26 hours and captured intact on September 4. At this point the Division had covered 340 miles in six days.

At Arnhem the Division played a subordinate role, but to the south, at Overloon, its first V.C. was recorded, won by Sgt. G. H. Eardley, K.S.L.I., on October 16 (see illus. pages 578 and 664, Vol. 8). In Feb.-March 1945, in the Reichswald salient, the Division assisted in throwing the Germans back across the Rhine at Wesel, and after crossing the Rhine, March 28, the second V.C. was awarded, to Cpl. E. T. Chapman, Monmouthshire Regt., April 2 (portrait in page 376, Vol. 9), in a grim struggle on Teutoburger Wald, overlooking the Dortmund-Ems canal.

OVERCOMING bitter opposition on the rivers Weser and Aller, the Division encountered the horrors of Belsen. The first British troops to reach the Elbe, elements in another characteristic dash took 70,000 prisoners, including 27 generals, at Lubeck, which was captured on May 2. The Division's entry into Flensburg, the taking of the Dönitz Government (May 23) and William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw), was the culmination of a fighting record studded with outstanding achievements. The Division was disbanded in Germany, in March 1946.

Royal Welch Fusiliers in Paris Victory Parade



WATCHED BY THE "BIG FOUR" FOREIGN MINISTERS, Paris celebrated the Victory anniversary on May 12, 1946, with a military parade (3). At the Arc de Triomphe were (1, left to right) M. Bidault, France; Mr. Molotov, U.S.S.R.; Mr. Bevin, U.K.; Mr. Byrnes, U.S. Representing the British Army, the Royal Welch Fusiliers were led by their mascot, Billy, and the Pioneer section (2) wearing aprons and shouldering picks—a mark of distinction granted by the Duke of Connaught in 1886 and shared by no other British regiment.

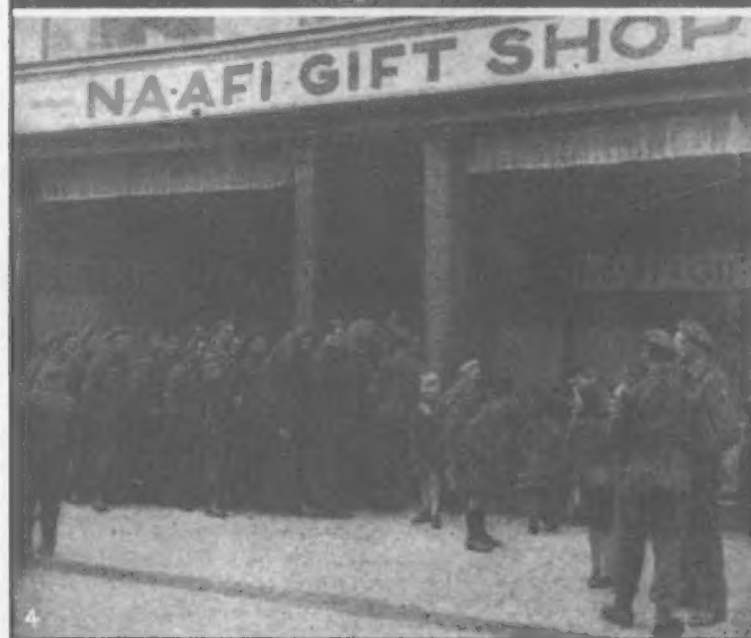
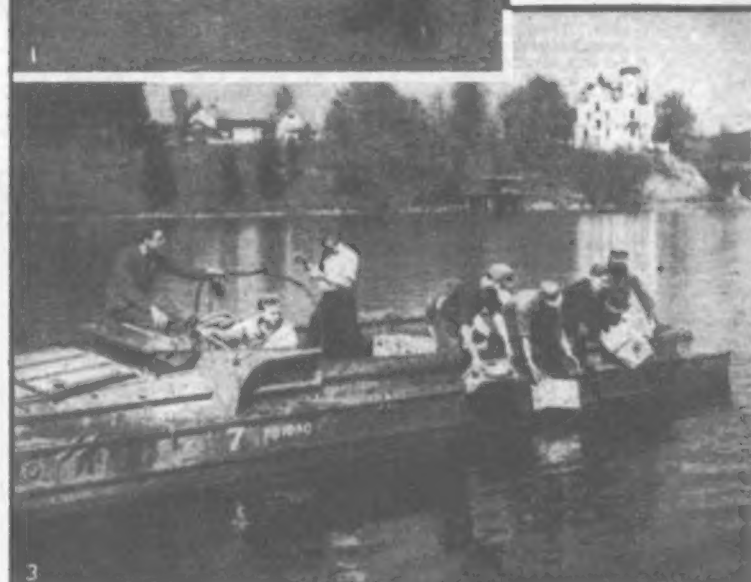
PAGE 101



First Move Towards Self-Government in the Ruhr



ESTABLISHING DEMOCRACY IN WESTPHALIA, Germany, including the Ruhr, is the task of the British Military authorities and the German Provincial Advisory Council. The first meeting of the Council (2), at Münster, May 1946, was attended by Brigadier C. A. H. Chadwick, C.B.E., seen (1) inspecting the Guard of Honour.



FOLLOWERS OF NAZI IDEOLOGY, who fought fanatically for its survival are now, under Allied supervision, destroying the foundations upon which it was built—arms and ammunition. German prisoners of war (3) heave boxes of small arms ammunition over the side of a British amphibian "Duck" into the deep waters of the Worther See, in Southern Austria. N.A.A.F.I. gift shop in Hamburg (4) is besieged by British troops anxious to buy presents for their relatives in Britain. These shops are part of N.A.A.F.I.'s overseas service, offering a variety of articles at reasonable cost and thus preventing the fleeing of troops by black market traders. Wreckage of bombed railway lines and rolling stock at Dortmund has been cleared aside and the track repaired (5).

V.C.s Won in Conflict With Germans and Japs



Lieut. ALBERT CHOWNE
With superb heroism and self-sacrifice this officer of the 2/2 Australian Infantry Battalion, on March 13, 1945, near Wewak, New Guinea, silenced two Japanese machine-gun posts and, although wounded, accounted for two more Japanese before being killed.



Pte. T. STARCEVICH
Firing his Bren gun from the hip, Pte. Starceвич, of the 2/43 Australian Infantry Battalion, rushed four enemy machine-gun posts at Beaufort, North Borneo, on June 28, 1945. He killed 12 Japanese, his action resulting in the Allied objectives being attained.



Cpl. J. B. MACKEY
Of the 2/3 Australian Pioneer Corps, this Australian (right) was awarded a posthumous V.C. for a heroic exploit east of Tarakan, Borneo, on May 12, 1945. With rifle, tommy gun and bayonet, single-handed, he assaulted a hill feature to wipe out two Japanese machine-gun posts.

Lieutenant the Hon. C. FURNESS
Although wounded, this officer of the Welsh Guards (below) circled a German position at Arras, in May 1940, inflicting heavy losses before his carrier was knocked out. He then continued in hand-to-hand combat until he was killed. But the enemy had to withdraw, enabling wounded to be evacuated.



Pte. F. J. PARTRIDGE
This rifleman of the 8th Australian Infantry Battalion (top right), wounded three times and weak from loss of blood, attacked Japanese bunkers at Bougainville, Solomon Is., on July 24, 1945. His outstanding gallantry ultimately saved two patrols from annihilation.

Fit-Lieut. D. S. A. LORD, D.F.C.
Determined to complete his mission of dropping supplies to our men at Arnhem on September 19, 1944, this R.A.F. pilot (right) continued to fly his burning aircraft through intense A.A. fire until the last container had been dropped. He then ordered his crew to abandon the aircraft before he crashed in flames to his death.



Pte. EDWARD KENNA, 2/4 Australian Infantry Battalion
Purposely drawing enemy fire towards himself, standing erect and firing his Bren gun, Private E. Kenna engaged Japanese machine-gunners at Wewak, New Guinea, on May 15, 1945, until his ammunition was spent. Grasping a rifle and displaying bravery of the highest degree he shot two of the enemy with successive rounds. He is seen above being congratulated by nurses and patients whilst recovering from wounds.

Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

COLONIAL GUARDIANS OF THE ATLANTIC

DURING the bitterest periods of the war the vital importance of the Atlantic life-line was appreciated by every family in hard-pressed Britain. Once again we shall find British Colonial territories making their invaluable contribution to the eventual victory of the United Nations. Since we finished our last article in the Pacific (see page 83), we will enter the Atlantic by rounding Cape Horn, to be faced immediately by the Falkland Islands occupying a major strategic position between these two great Oceans.

The Falkland Islands lie about 300 miles east and north of the Straits of Magellan, which, before the opening of the Panama Canal, was the route round Cape Horn connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the westward highway to Australia and New Zealand. In the war of 1914-1918, and again during the Second Great War, the Falkland Islands proved invaluable as a base for fuelling, for communications, and for keeping a watch on the South Atlantic.

It was in the Falklands that Admiral Sturdee's ships were coaling when on the morning of December 8, 1914, the German squadron under Admiral von Spee appeared, having two months before destroyed a British squadron in the Pacific. Now, in the Battle of the Falklands, Von Spee and his ships were destroyed by Admiral Sturdee. In December 1939, after the Battle of the River Plate which drove the German pocket battleship Admiral Graf Spee to self-destruction off Montevideo, the British cruisers Ajax, Achilles and Exeter went to the Falklands, the nearest British territory, to land their wounded.

The approximate area of the group of islands which make up the Colony and its dependencies is 4,618 square miles, and the two main islands, East Falkland and West Falkland, are divided by Falkland Sound. Around them are about 200 smaller islands, and the two groups of dependencies to the south: South Georgia, the South Orkneys and South Sandwich Islands, and South Shetlands and Grahamsland.

The British West Indian Colonies

Before we cross the Atlantic to West Africa to complete our survey of the strategic importance of the British Colonial Empire, we must travel up the long east coast-line of South America to the British West Indian Colonies. These are a number of islands dispersed among the autonomous states of Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and the French, Dutch and American Dependencies which lie in a great semi-circle dividing the Atlantic from the Caribbean Sea. In addition, British Honduras (Central America) and British Guiana (South America) though strictly speaking not in the West Indies, are for convenience included.

The Caribbean Sea was described by Admiral Mahan of the U.S. Navy as "the strategic key to two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific." The islands which enclose the Caribbean command the central Atlantic, the approaches to the Panama Canal, and the Gulf ports of the United States. They lie on the sea and air routes between Europe and Central and South America, and America and Africa, and provide naval and air bases essential for the security of these routes. With the entry of the United States into the war, in 1941, the burden for the defence of this area became a joint responsibility of the British and American navies and air forces. In 1940, in exchange for 50 over-age destroyers, the United States had obtained from Britain the lease of land for 99 years free of all rent to build bases in six British West Indian Colonies (see p. 277, Vol. 3).

By HARLEY V. USILL

TO complete his survey of the strategic interlocking of the British Colonial Empire, the author turns to the Atlantic. Here the southern tip of South America was guarded during the War by the Falkland Islands, and the Panama Canal by the West Indian colonies, while West Africa provided air bases and ports for the maintenance of the sea-route round the Cape, as well as supplying vital raw materials after the loss of Allied possessions in Asia.

The British West Indian Colonies consist of the Bahamas, Barbados, British Guiana, British Honduras, Jamaica, the Leeward Islands, Trinidad and Tobago, the Windward Islands, and in lonely solitude, but not strictly part of the group, Bermuda. The latter has been transformed by the war from a tourist centre into a fortress. The group of coral islands which form the colony lie 600 miles off the North American mainland, 677 miles from New York, 713 miles from Halifax (Nova Scotia), and about the same distance from the Bahamas.

It thus occupies a key position in relation to the eastern seaboard of the North American mainland, and to trade routes between Europe, the United States and Canada, and between North America and the Caribbean Sea. During 1940, Bermuda was a calling port for Atlantic convoys. The whole area was strategically vital to the Allied war effort. We shall return later to deal with the Caribbean at war.

Great Air Bases in West Africa

British West Africa, comprising Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, the Gambia and the Mandated Territories of the Cameroons and Togoland, covers an area of over 500,000 square miles. From being strategically unimportant before the war, these widely separated Colonies became quite unexpectedly, in mid-1940, strategically of vital importance. When France fell, in 1940, the West African Colonies became enclaves in Vichy-controlled territory with men of Vichy stationed in Dakar. With the closing of the Mediterranean the whole area became a front-line defence. Broadcasting on August 8, 1943, Lord Swinton, the Resident Minister in West Africa, said:

After the fall of France, the only way to get aircraft quickly to the danger spots in the Middle East was to fly them overland from West Africa to Egypt. That meant building great air bases in West Africa, and making a chain of airfields right across Central Africa. It will give you some idea of the work involved if I tell you that in Nigeria alone, working always against time, 30 airfields had to be built and maintained with all the necessary control buildings, camps and workshops. The air victories from Alamein to Tunis was the result. Not only that, but this African highway became the route for aircraft for Russia, for India and for China. In the Gambia, also most westerly of our African colonies, we built great airfields. These airfields in their turn were to prove of vital importance. During the early months of the campaign in North-West Africa, practically every aircraft that flew from America to that battle front came by these airfields in the Gambia.

But it was not only in the construction and maintenance of air routes that these colonies played such a vital part. West Africa felt the closing of the Mediterranean in another way. Ships for the Middle East had now to follow the long route round the Cape, and West Africa had to help to protect, shepherd and victual them. The chief ports in British West Africa are Bathurst, Freetown, Takoradi, Accra, Lagos and Port Harcourt. Bathurst can accommodate smaller types of ocean-going vessels. Freetown, about 400

miles south of Bathurst, is one of the finest natural harbours on the West Coast.

At Takoradi there is a well-equipped artificial deep-water harbour, the only one between Sierra Leone and Nigeria capable of giving complete shelter for ocean-going ships of large size. Accra is an open roadstead. Lagos, the main port of Nigeria, has deep-water quays and provides considerable accommodation for ocean-going vessels, and both here and at Port Harcourt there is a floating dock. From all the main ports of West Africa, with the exception of Bathurst, which is served mainly by river facilities, there are railway communications with the principal inland towns and trading centres.

Kept the Factory Wheels Turning

Added strategic importance was given to West Africa by the loss of the mineral wealth and natural resources of Burma, Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies. Almost overnight West Africa was called upon to make good some of the loss. Tin from Nigeria, manganese and bauxite from the Gold Coast, and iron ore from Sierra Leone, helped to keep factory wheels turning in Britain and America, with the added assistance of diamonds from the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone for the machine-tool industry. There can be no doubt, then, about the strategic value of West Africa in the war.

Before leaving the Atlantic Ocean mention must be made of St. Helena and Ascension Island. The former is an island 700 miles south-east of Ascension and 1,200 miles from the coast of Portuguese West Africa. Prior to the opening of the Red Sea route it was a port of call for much shipping to and from India and other parts of the Far East. In the Second Great War it again became important because of its position on the Cape route. Ascension Island, 1,000 miles south of Sierra Leone, is a Dependency of St. Helena, and is an important cable station.

In this survey of the strategic importance of the British Colonial Empire, with an area of 2,250,000 square miles, and distributed so widely over the world's surface, we have not been able to mention each individual colony. Many of those which have not been included, however, will be dealt with when we come to consider other aspects of the Colonial Empire at war. In particular, we shall introduce the High Commission Territories of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, but these do not fall into the general picture of colonies which played a vital strategic part in the war.

We have now traced the strategic importance of British Colonies and Mandated Territories in the Mediterranean, the entrance to which is guarded by Gibraltar and its back door by Aden. We have seen the importance of our possessions in the Indian Ocean as a jumping-off ground for the first African campaign, as a supply route for the whole of the Middle East, as a second line of defence after the fall of Malaya, and finally as bases for hitting back at the Japanese. We have seen how the Falklands guarded the southern tip of South America and the West Indian Colonies the vital Panama Canal. And, finally, we have placed the four West African Colonies in perspective in relation to the whole strategic pattern.

In peacetime these far-flung British Colonial territories were part and parcel of a British Commonwealth and Empire devoted to the arts of peace. When war came, their very existence and disposition enabled the life-lines of liberty to be kept open until the Allied nations could eventually muster the necessary strength to deliver the death blow to the aggressors.

Gardens Commemorate the People's Courage



THE MAGNIFICENT SPIRIT OF THOSE WHO ENDURED the war-years in London and Plymouth is commemorated by Gardens of Remembrance. Within the roofless framework of St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth (1), bombed in March 1941, lawns and gay flower-beds have taken the place of the pews of yore, providing a colourful and fragrant setting for peaceful summer services.

The forecourt of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, is the site of London's own Garden. After a dedication service conducted by the Bishop of London, Her Majesty Queen Mary, on May 12, 1946, unlocked the decorative wrought-iron gates (2) opening into the brightly planted enclosure (3) wherein are seats, in the Wren style, made from oak more than a century old. A board bears the inscription: "The Garden on this bomb-damaged site was given by the late Viscount Southwood on behalf of The Daily Herald to commemorate the courage and fortitude of the people of London in the Second World War, 1939-1945."



HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Furious

Motto: "Fury Supplies Weapons"

THOUGH she is now due for scrapping, the name of H.M.S. Furious, an aircraft carrier of 22,450 tons, will always be celebrated in the history of naval aviation, as it was in her that the first successful deck landing was made, in 1918.

Seldom has a ship undergone so many alterations in appearance. She was begun in 1915 as a large cruiser armed with two 18-in. guns, the heaviest ever mounted afloat. When almost complete it was decided that she should carry aircraft, and one 18-in. gun was removed to make room for a hangar and flight deck forward. A year later the other gun disappeared with the extension of the flight deck aft. As the result of further experiments the mast and funnel were removed in 1921, the latter being replaced by horizontal smoke ducts discharging at the stern. The flight deck was then rebuilt at a higher level and the sides plated in beneath it. This led to overheating, so ultimately large openings had to be made in the sides. Just before the war an island superstructure and mast were added on the starboard side.

Her speed of 31 knots enabled the Furious to perform much useful service in the late war. She operated with Atlantic convoys in 1939-40 and was used frequently for ferrying aircraft to distant bases. After taking part in the Malta convoy of August 1942 she was attached to the naval forces supporting the landings in Algeria the following November. In June 1944 she was engaged in a convoy action off the coast of Norway.



Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

IN the autumn of 1940 the Reconnaissance Corps was an idea born of something near desperation. The Infantry Divisions, who had been served before Dunkirk by Mechanized Cavalry Regiments, were left without any reconnaissance arm at all when these Cavalry Regiments were taken for the fast-growing Armoured Divisions.

Experiments were made by some commanders in furnishing a reconnaissance unit from within the Division. It was soon clear that makeshift measures were inadequate:



reconnaissance had always been of prime importance in war and there was no reason to suppose that in the fast mobile warfare to come it was to be less important. On the contrary, it seemed that, as war itself became more swift, the more essential was quick and accurate information to the General's battle-map.

It was decided that reconnaissance was a job for experts, specially trained in a new technique required by new conditions. So the Reconnaissance Corps was formed as the "cat's whiskers" of the infantry, in the streamlined army being fashioned at high speed north of the Channel. The need was for a body of men of more than usual intelligence, endurance and enterprise. With every branch of the Army calling for the same

The Reconnaissance Corps

by Lieut. J. L. TAYLOR

TWENTY Regiments of the new Corps were taking shape by the spring of 1941—in their time to serve with great distinction in the Far East, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Greece, and in the sweep from Normandy and North Italy to the line of victory in Europe. Fighting for information, attacking, holding long front-line stretches, they could claim at the end that there was no more highly organized and efficient branch of the British Army than the "young" Reconnaissance Corps.

thing, the Corps yet managed to lay a firm foundation of the right type of soldier.

Some came from the tough Brigade Anti-Tank companies, fresh from the star role in Belgium and France. Many were volunteers who liked the sound of the job. In some cases (that of the 5th Gloucestershire Regiment) infantry battalions with good records were converted en bloc. By the spring of 1941 the Corps was taking shape, and the nuclei were visible of the twenty regiments that, in their time, were to serve in the Far East, in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Greece, and in the sweep from Normandy and North Italy to the line of victory in Europe.

A Reconnaissance Regiment was planned as a self-contained unit, fast moving on wheels and tracks, with a heavy punch in fire-power. It was visualized that information would frequently have to be fought for,

which turned out to be quite correct. A detailed wireless network covered the Regiment and linked

it straight back to Division. By necessity, much of this, in the early days, was accepted by token, and had not materialized very far when the Corps first went into battle.

Not counting the luckless 18th Regiment, which arrived at Singapore, without its vehicles, just in time to be surrendered to the Japanese early in 1942, the first Regiment to go into action was the 50th. They were the old 4th Northumberland Fusiliers, who can claim to be the forerunners of the Corps since they operated experimentally in Belgium and France on reconnaissance work, largely with motor-cycles. At Knightsbridge (Libya), without their motor-cycles (not much use in the desert) and without much of the equipment which was on the production lines for Reconnaissance, they had no chance against the German armour which hit their defensive positions in May 1942.

That was part of the general bad start. From then on the Corps fought with continued success, learning the new job, calling for, and getting, ever improved equipment. There grew up, too, a remarkable morale. Reconnaissance work in the field had no room for passengers. Every man counted, was trusted, made decisions in tight corners—and by the nature of the job there were many tight corners. Then the Corps itself was comparatively small and drew from the same OCTU, Holding Regiment and Training Regiment. There was very quickly a strong



RECCE MORTAR DETACHMENT IN THE ANZIO BEACH-HEAD, Italy, fire into a gully at suspected German troop movements. Two members of the detachment are seen taking cover as the weapon dispatches its missile towards the enemy. In the swaying battle in the beach-head early in 1944 the 1st Reconnaissance Regiment demonstrated its fighting qualities and versatility as a "thin red line"—a role outside the purpose for which the Corps had been formed three years previously.



CAPTAIN R. G. A. BEALE, M.C., of the 1st Reconnaissance Regiment (right) greets an American officer on the bridge marking the place of the Anglo-American link-up following the Allied breakout from the Anzio beach-head in May 1944. Captain (then Lieut.) Beale's own narrative of the exploit which gained him his decoration appears below. Photo, British Official

family feeling in Reconnaissance, for that reason. What exactly was the job? Come with Captain (then Lieutenant) R. G. A. Beale, M.C., of the 1st Reconnaissance Regiment, on the armoured car outing from the Anzio beach-head early in 1944 which gained him his decoration. Dawn is just breaking.

"We rush the bridge and get over against light opposition. Observe an 88-mm. gun to my right. Lucky enough to get a direct hit on gun and crew with H.E. A mile farther on we see movement in a house 800 yards to the left. A Boche officer comes out. He is joined by six or seven more. We open with machine-guns and see two fall. The remainder run for the house. We next see half a dozen Boches running for some vehicles. We get three more. Push on, and my leading car captures a motor-cyclist D.R. who nearly falls off with surprise. His bulging dispatch case is just what we want.

"We edge round the next bend and come in sight of our main objective, a railway bridge over the road. A German sentry is leaning against the wall with his helmet off and his rifle by his side. He is obviously bored with life. He isn't much longer. He dies still leaning against the wall. By this time more troops are appearing. We have an excellent shoot as they run for cover up the bank. We back the cars round a corner out of sight, but still keeping the bridge under observation. Very soon we see a car en-

proaching from a side road. It contains a German engineer officer and he is going to blow the bridge. My gunner kills him. Seven more men try to blow the bridge but they are all mown down.



GENERAL SIR BERNARD C. T. PAGET, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., since 1943 Colonel-Commandant of the Reconnaissance Corps, talks to a member of one of the Corps units undergoing training in Palestine before taking part in the North African campaign. General Paget was at the time Commander-in-Chief Middle East. PAGE 108 Photo, British Official

"We are now ordered by wireless to visit another bridge about a quarter-mile farther on. I give my leading car covering fire. A grenade is thrown on him from the railway bridge, but bounces off the armour. As my own car goes through we get another grenade. A burst of Spandau fire spatters our armour. In the turret I do a 180 degrees traverse and see two men with grenades in their hands. If I let them off they will undoubtedly blow the bridge and we won't be able to return. We get clear and check up on our last mission. By now all hell has broken loose. Every type of weapon is being fired at us. We skid round and make with all speed for a more congenial atmosphere . . ."

Chasing the Boche Round Cap Bon

The patrol had plenty of excitement after that. It eventually saved the bridge for the passage of our own troops, and is one of the many such small actions which fit together to make the history of the Corps. The idea of having to fight for information was never far wrong. The Corps had seen a good deal of action before the Anzio beach-head. The 44th started a career of distinction with a nasty mine-lifting assignment at Alamein in the autumn of 1942. Later they had a better reconnaissance role in Tunisia.

The 56th Regiment came in at Algiers in November 1942, followed later in the campaign by the 46th, 1st and 4th. The 56th had the envy of the rest of the Corps for their opportunity, as first arrivals, to make the famous run from Algiers to within 20 miles of Tunis, in four days. These five Regiments all contributed to the victory in Tunisia, where the Corps finished strongly, in May 1943, by chasing the Boche at high speed round Cap Bon. The narrow mountain roads of Sicily, flanked with steep drops and lava walls, prevented cross-country movement in most places. The 5th Reconnaissance Regiment had a tough time of it there in the summer of 1943. The other Regiment in Sicily was the 56th.

The Reconnaissance Corps really started to go with the invasion of Italy. The 5th were recompensed with a most exciting dash up the west coast, being at one time 200 miles in front of the main body of the Division, meeting trains on peacetime schedules, one of which they captured and co-opted.

The 1st Air Landing Reconnaissance Squadron, later to drop at Arnhem, landed at Taranto, September 9, 1943, and raced up the east coast, with the 56th Regiment. At the same time the 46th and the 44th went in to the hot reception at Salerno. It was early in the next year that the 1st,

Recce Corps on the Victory Trail in Europe



ADVANCING ACROSS FRANCE TO GERMANY with the Allied armies men of the Reconnaissance Corps received warm welcome in many a French town and village (1). Going forward under fire (2) during the battle for Hertogenbosch, Holland, October 24, 1944. Two of their officers approached to contact a patrol (3) that had linked up with the Americans during the Allied counter-offensive in the Ardennes, in January 1945.

PAGE 109



Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



TASTING THE FRUITS OF VICTORY had a double meaning for these men of the Reconnaissance Corps in the Far East. Enjoying melons, they also had the satisfaction of having played a big part in the fall of Mandalay, in March 1945. The 2nd Regiment had helped in the relief of Kohima, in May 1944, and Imphal in June, which preceded the final Allied advance. *Photo, British Official*

forgetting its specific role as a Reconnaissance unit, as many Regiments have cheerfully done in emergency, became the "thin red line" at Anzio. When the Italian campaign slowed up, the Regiments, now supplemented by the 4th, manned observation posts and patrolled for information.

Meanwhile, at home, D-Day was building. Seven Reconnaissance Regiments practised waterproofing, embarkation drill and the "break-through" role planned for the second phase of the operation. They were the 3rd, 15th Scottish, 43rd, 49th West Riding, 53rd Welsh, 59th and 61st Reconnaissance Regiments. From Normandy, where some of them, notably the 61st, greatly distinguished themselves on the beaches, all seven regiments got their break-through.

The run to the Seine, across the Belgian border and up to the line of the winter of 1944, was the perfect Reconnaissance task, a field day shared with the Armoured Recce Regiments. At different times each Regiment came into its own. For most of them contact with the enemy was continuous, and casualties on occasion were heavy. But the work done was a final justification of the idea born in the dark days of the war.

Among Floundering German Armies

The Infantry Divisions found that pursuit of the still cunning Boches was greatly aided by armoured tentacles feeling in front of the advance. When opposition was not too heavy the Reconnaissance Regiments cleared it out of the way in short sharp battles. Otherwise, troops of carriers and armoured cars pin-pointed and held the enemy for attack by larger forces.

That was the classic role. There were others. The 49th, early on, became embroiled with heavy tanks (and when one calls Reconnaissance "armoured," that did not mean against much more than small arms fire). Their Anti-Tank Troop and P.I.A.T.S. disposed of four in quick time. In the Falaise Gap, in August 1944, the 53rd set up something of a record by capturing 4,800 prisoners in 36 hours. The 52nd Lowland Regiment, of the Mountain Division, landed (ironically) in the flattest part of Holland, in September, just after the opening of the Eindhoven corridor, which was constantly being cut. One of their Squadrons fought to free it.

When winter came the mobility and high fire-power of the Reconnaissance Regiments enabled them to hold long stretches of the front. The 3rd were for several months

responsible for an icy, inhospitable stretch of the river Maas, north-east of Helmond. The 49th had an equally gruelling winter, continually in contact with lively German patrols along the river west of Nijmegen, and in the "island"—the flooded tract north of Nijmegen on the road to Arnhem.

When Rundstedt achieved his "bulge," in December 1944, the 43rd, the 52nd, the 53rd and the 61st Reconnaissance Regiments were among the troops rushed south to deal with it. The part played by the 61st was especially gallant. They had just handed in all their vehicles prior to disbanding with their Division. Transport and fighting vehicles were thrown back at them in considerable chaos and hurry, and they went off to do their last job as well as they had done all their others. For similar "high-level" reasons the 59th Reconnaissance Regiment was also disbanded before the end.

The hard fight to the Rhine was a second edition of Normandy, but the break-through afterwards went faster and was thick with

incident as the Regiments found themselves among the floundering German armies which were uncertain whether to fight or surrender. In some places resistance was tough and the always hard-worked 15th Scottish did a fine job in the last lap. The 5th Regiment, brought up from Italy, also had a run in this campaign before the end.

No picture of the Corps' history is complete without mention of the 1st Air Landing Reconnaissance Squadron's brief but glorious stand at Arnhem in September 1944. The 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry, though not officially in the Corps, served with the Regiments as the Reconnaissance unit of the Highland Division, and both sides are proud of the ties existing with this Regiment.

THE Corps has also served in the Far East.

The 45th Regt., before they could go into action in a reconnaissance role, were turned into a Long-Range Penetration Group under General Wingate and harried the Japanese deep in Burma when that part of the world was not shown as belonging to us. And no Reconnaissance Regiment has a longer, more gruelling or more glorious battle history than the 2nd Regiment. After two years of training in the Far East they were in the relief of Kohima, May 1944, and of Imphal in June, and were finally at the head of the advance which in 1945 opened the way to Mandalay and Rangoon.

Officers of the Corps have been distinguished with more than a dozen awards of the D.S.O. and nearly 100 awards of the Military Cross. The bravery of Other Ranks in the field—and Reconnaissance work requires much from the judgement and daring of junior leaders—has been recognized by the award of well over 160 Military Medals.

At home, the Holding Regiment was the 80th (later 38th), at Morecambe. The Reconnaissance Training Centre was at Caterick. General Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., has been Colonel-Commandant of the Corps since 1943. The "family," now with a disposition to put its feet on the mantelpiece and certainly with many hair-raising yarns to spin, owns a Reconnaissance Corps Comrades Association of over 14,000 members, with a big peace-time programme of reunion and mutual aid.



CHANGING OF THE GUARD outside the 53rd Division Headquarters in Hamburg, by men of the Corps who a few days previously had been engaged in hard fighting. Thus they carried from battlefield to parade the Corps' tradition for smartness and organization—and fighting—built up through a short but very active history. *Photo, British Official*



Occupation Troops Ready for Japan

First contingent of the British and Indian Occupation Troops for Japan marched through the streets of Kowloon, Hongkong, on March 23, 1946, before leaving for their Occupation duties. They were led by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (1) carrying the King's and Regimental Colours, and the salute was taken by Major-General F. E. Festing, C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Land Forces Hongkong. Included in the march-past were members of the W.A.S.(B)—Women's Auxiliary Services (Burma)—seen parading for inspection (3). Major-General D. T. Cowan, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (2, right), G.O.C. the British Indian Division, chats with Major-General Festing (left).

Photos, British Official





Britain's £11,000,000 H.M.S. Vanguard—

Through quiet rural scenery passes the 42,500-ton Vanguard (1), our latest and greatest battleship, 830 feet in length. Piloted from the fitting-out basin at John Brown's Clydebank shipyard, on May 2, 1946, down the tricky 14-mile channel, she parted with her tugs at Greenock and sailed under her own power into the Estuary. Seen, looking aft, are four of her eight 15-in. guns (2) with the ship's badge displayed on their tompions; her secondary armament comprises sixteen 5.25-in. guns.

Photos, British Press.

— Passes Down the Clyde to Her Trials

Princess Elizabeth launched the Vanguard in November 1944 (see illus. page 519, Vol. 8) and on May 12, 1946, revisited her for the blessing ceremony at Greenock, the ship then proceeding to carry out gunnery trials off the north of Ireland, followed by engine and steaming trials in the Firth of Clyde. Beneath her 15-in. guns a Marine bugler sounds off (3); the liner Queen Elizabeth is in the background, and again—being repainted—by the Vanguard's side (4). See also page 97.



Reopening of South Bridge at Cologne

Attacked by R.A.F. Typhoons, the South Bridge across the Rhine at Cologne was wrecked on January 6, 1945. Reconstruction was commenced, under the supervision of Royal Engineers, in June 1945, almost unprecedented floods and other difficulties—including the lifting of two large spans from the riverbed, and shortage of material and labour—delaying the work for some time. It was reopened to rail traffic on May 3, 1946, and renamed South Bridge by Lieut.-General G. Thomas, acting C-in-C. of the B.A.O.R. A single track providing communication between the goods marshalling yards on the east and west sides of Cologne, a through route for passenger traffic, an important link between Germany and the Channel ports, it can take approximately 40 trains each way daily; when permanently reconstructed it will be capable of taking 72. The bridge rebuilt (above), Lieut.-General Thomas cuts the tape (left) to let the first train run through.

Photos, New York Times Photos

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

BERLIN

by
KENNETH HARE-SCOTT

Serving with the
Control Commission in Berlin

I AM writing in the heart of the city which a year ago (May 1, 1945) was enclosed in the iron grip of Russian encirclement. Today a visit to the outskirts of Berlin and beyond will still reveal the ferocity of that fighting, for the roads to Gatow, Potsdam and the Reich Autobahn pass through shell-torn woods. Overturned rusty vehicles are everywhere on the pavements in the city, in the ditches and even crowding the rubble of shattered buildings.

The Allies working in Berlin, and in the four zones, are engaged upon the framing and implementation of an administration to last for many years. In Berlin the Army, commonly known as B.T.B. (British Troops Berlin), comprises the military garrison and generally administers the military aspects of control and development in the British sector. The Commander is Major-General E. P. Narces, and the formation includes battalions of the Dorsetshire Regiment and the Life Guards.

The Control Commission at Work

The executive administration of the British sector, coming under the control of B.T.B., rests with "Military Government," divided into several departments each closely linked with its corresponding number in the Control Commission which extends its authority not only to the British sector but throughout the whole of the British zone. In course of time the Control Commission, which is the civilian element of our administration in Germany, will expand whilst the military organization will correspondingly diminish. The quadripartite rule of Berlin is vested in the "Kommandatura"—a Council of the Four Powers, which designs the common policy for governing the capital.

Many officers who have been released from the Services and who have proved their worth whilst serving with the British Administration in Germany are returning to civilian appointments in the Control Commission. The work of the Commission is in many senses highly specialized and only through experience and experiment can the British plan, which is generally considered the best of the four Occupying Powers, be developed to provide a just and progressive administration.

The meeting-place for quadripartite Conferences and Committees is the A.C.A. (Allied Control Authority) Building in the American sector. Once the People's Court of the Nazi judicial system, the A.C.A. has seen many famous trials, including the Reichstag Fire trial and that of the high-ranking German officers who took part in the anti-Hitler plot in July 1944. Now Washington, Paris, Moscow and London, geographically miles apart, are brought together in this building through the work of the many Committees which determine the future administration of Germany.

EACH of the Four Powers has its administrative headquarters in its sector, the French at Frohnau, the Americans at Omgus, the British at Wilmersdorf and the Russians at Karlshorst (see illus. in page 116). Here the individual work of the Nation is carried out and national hospitality extended. There is a free and easy exchange of social intercourse, and the friendship and understanding which have resulted do much to facilitate the progress of unified government.

Berlin is a city of ruins, and it is expected that 20 or 30 years must elapse before the rubble is cleared and the way prepared for rebuilding (see illus. in page 117). So many houses have been severely damaged that it is a common sight to see home-made kitchen chimneys jutting through the walls in place of the normal chimney which ceased to exist

when the upper part of the house "disappeared." A surprising number of shops still display their scanty and exorbitantly-priced wares at the foot of buildings gutted by fire or torn in the upper storeys by bomb or shell blast.

Among the very few articles which can be bought are various forms of woodwork, pictures, wrought iron lamps and ornaments, and a limited amount of perfume and cosmetics at fantastic prices. Clothing is very scarce and usually only sold by private bargain. Food is, of course, virtually unobtainable except on a ration card—the most precious possession of every Berliner. If lost it is nearly impossible to obtain another—a rule which has been rigidly enforced in order to curb black market activities and the cornering of vital supplies.

On the whole, Berliners show few signs of undernourishment—certainly none, as yet, of starvation. It may be that behind the walls some suffering is endured of which those who go about give no indication. The children look well and happy, and in the warm sunshine they play in the streets and gardens with all the life and laughter of children in England. There are exceptions—and occasional signs of physical malnutrition—but in no greater proportion (visibly) than in a large industrial town at home.

Derelict Areas Producing Food

Pavement cafés are appearing, and here the few uninteresting drinks allowed to Germans can be bought. Cigarettes and pipe tobacco are unobtainable, but the underground traffic in cigarettes needs few signposts to direct it along the channels of profitable barter, and so it is untrue to say that Berliners do not get a smoke occasionally. A postal service for Germans was introduced on April 1, 1946, within the four sectors of Berlin and with the outside world—except Spain and Japan. Telephone communication is allowed only to those engaged upon official (and approved) business.

Transport facilities are confined to trams—the usual Continental string of two or three linked together—and the Underground. Both are very overcrowded, owing to the shortage and antiquity of the equipment. There is no petrol ration for Germans, unless their duties are connected with Administrative Departments. Bicycles are plentiful on the streets; and the horse-drawn conveyance is seen frequently, but this can last only as long as the under-fed horses survive.

In a city where devastation is as complete as it is possible to imagine—certainly eclipsing anything known in our cities at home—the work of the allotment holders, the ploughing of the Tiergarten and the extensive seed-sowing in the nurseries, combine to represent one of the most visibly constructive aspects of the work of the Military Government and Control Commission in the British sector. Land cultivation is proceeding at every point in the city where an open space exists, transforming derelict areas into the familiar patchwork landscape of the allotment garden, or, as in the case of the Tiergarten, a vast space now ploughed up for a crop of potatoes. A tour of the Berlin farms does not embrace

the green pastureland of the Englishman's conception. They are smelly, sometimes dirty, promenades of busy thoroughfares and backyards. I visited four in the heart of the city, having in all a total of nearly 50 head of cattle. These live out their lifetime in stalls, and are fed on straw, potato and beet peelings. Their only exercise seems to be getting up and lying down, and as a result of this confined existence the quality of the milk is low, although the quantity varies considerably.

A FEW weeks ago an exhibition was opened in Schluter Strasse called "Heute im England" (In England Today). In an attractively arranged series of large photographs Berliners were shown the British way and conditions of life. A short film show, and a room devoted to the Empire, added interest to an exhibition which has drawn large daily attendances. Later, it will tour the main towns in the British zone. For entertainment the Germans have opera, ballet, and a number of theatres and cinemas, and also the zoo.

The living conditions of the British Service men and women, and civilians of the Control Commission, are on the whole good. Officers and Other Ranks live in blocks of flats or buildings suitably apportioned two or three to a room or flat. There are a number of messes, large and comfortably equipped, scattered throughout the British sector, and in the early days officers' messes were opened on the fringe of the Grunewald forest—later to be allotted to wives and families. There are several clubs which cater for different purposes, and Other Ranks make full use of the Rothwell Arms, the Winston, the Red Shield, the Bristol, and Marlborough—examples of places where people can relax and find all amenities for amusement.

Officers have the Embassy, a large house in its own grounds which during the War was the combined Embassy of Germany's satellite countries—and before that the home of a Berlin chain-store magnate—luxuriously furnished and with painted ceilings, tapestries and plenty of gilt. The Embassy is a popular place for dinner and dancing. Another is the Blue White—the Roehampton of Berlin, and once the city's select sports club. Here one can play tennis on any one of 16 courts, bathe, and dine but not dance.

No Normal Existence for Anyone

Working in Berlin's depressing surroundings, it is refreshing (and necessary) to escape sometimes, although living in the heart of the Russian zone precludes motor trips into the countryside. The two "lungs" where one can breathe fresh air, sail, swim and walk, are at Gatow for officers and the Southend for Other Ranks. Both are on the outskirts of the city, overlooking a large lake, well out of sight of Berlin's ruins, and set among surroundings of cornfields, woods and orchards. Ballet, opera, a theatre and cinemas complete the cycle of entertainment.

One cannot pretend that life in Berlin is a normal existence for anybody. It cannot be so for a long time to come, and it is more than ever necessary for those whose work for months and possibly years ahead will be in the city to create a way of living which will be consistent with our task of administration and the well-being of the British community. The first year has seen remarkable progress in the establishment of a sound administration and steady living conditions for our people. There have been and will be difficulties; but they will not deter the authorities, and the reputation which the British people now enjoy in Berlin and in their zone will be enhanced as life settles down and the work of reconstruction proceeds.

BERLIN: After Thirteen Months of Peace



ORDER IS EMERGING OUT OF CHAOS, though even the women of Berlin must toil in order that all bomb debris shall be removed (1). On the roof of an air-raid shelter, now used as a hospital, casualties convalesce (2). In the Russian zone trotting races at Karlshorst (3) help to pass the time. The bomb damaged tomb of the 1914-18 Unknown Warrior is a reminder of other troublous times (4). A street musician attracts attention with his helmet (5)—as worn by the Kaiser's Guards in the First Great War. PAGE 116 Photos, R. Hammond, Keystone, Associated Press, The Daily Mirror

Remnants of Past Imperial Glory : BERLIN



SHELL OF THE REICHSTAG STANDS DESOLATE in the Tiergarten (top), lately the centre of Berlin's black market, and now ploughed for crops. Built in the 1890's, as seat of the Imperial Parliament, the Reichstag was gutted by fire in 1933, supposedly by Communists but actually through "arrangement" contrived by the Nazi Government. The famous Palace Bridge (bottom) over the River Spree, near the former Imperial Palace, was wrecked by the Germans in a desperate attempt to halt the Russian advance in April 1945. See also page 115. **PAGE 117** Photos, Keystone



ALLIED MILITARY FORCES PARADED THROUGH TRIESTE on May 2, 1946, to commemorate the first anniversary of two notable events—the surrender of the German armies in Italy to Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander, and the occupation of Trieste by New Zealanders under the command of General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C. The 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, seen passing the saluting base on the Piazza Units, with British corvettes in the background, formed a section of the parade that took three hours to pass Lieut.-General Sir John Harding, G.O.C. 13th Corps, who took the salute. Among the troops whom the citizens of the town acclaimed as successors to their liberators were veterans who had fought their way from Alamein through Sicily and Italy.

Photo, Associated Press

Our War Leaders in Peacetime

HARRIS

THE "Bomber" Harris who tinkers with a car or plays lightheartedly with his six-years-old daughter Jacqueline seems a very different person from Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Harris, G.C.B., O.B.E., who controlled R.A.F. bomber fleets in Europe for three years. In uniform he was known as a strict disciplinarian.

The one-time Chief of Bomber Command (he retired early in 1946) favours a natural all-round life with a job for his hands as well as his head. He likes getting into the sun, preferably by the seaside or on a farm, for he has never forgotten the days when, as a tobacco planter in Rhodesia, he took both hot sun and hard work for granted. His tobacco plantation was a successful venture, and he says he would not have given it up but for the outbreak of war in 1914.

His main interest in engines dates from those days. In August 1914 he drove to an enlistment centre in one of the first cars to reach Rhodesia, and after a year in the 1st Rhodesian Regiment flew one of the earliest types of R.F.C. fighters. His interest in the internal combustion engine does not extend to motor-boats. The latter he considers "abominations," but of sailing he is very fond. The trouble is, he says, he has never been able to afford to buy a sailing boat large enough to house his family.

Born in 1892, Harris has been twice married, the first time in 1916. Twenty-two years later, with one son and two daughters, he married Therese Hearne. Their child, Jacqueline, is the image of her mother, and by all accounts when Jacqueline was a baby the man who invented "saturation bombing" handled her as adeptly as would any woman.

Today the family is in Rhodesia again, where Harris would like to settle. He now wants time for hobbies the war denied him. Big-game shooting was one of his pre-war sports. When in London, he was a member of the International Sportsmen's Club. Nowadays, at 54 years of age, he prefers

watching animals to shooting them, although he says he could make a bit out of a gun as he did in the past, and that would help towards the boat he would like to acquire.

His interests are not restricted to outdoor sports. He likes reading, mainly on practical matters: before the war these included shooting, sailing, motoring and, of course, aeronautics. He is a stout champion of the cause of British Civil Aviation and wants to see Britain and South Africa linked by a first-class air service. He is not particularly interested in politics. But "Bomber" Harris helped to knock the world down, and now he wants to know how it is to be rebuilt, for which reason he has extended his reading to social subjects.



THE FORMER CHIEF OF BOMBER COMMAND with his six-years-old daughter Jacqueline (1). It's time off from war and time for a story, and Sir Arthur is glad of the change. With her parents in the garden, Jacqueline is undecided about the example of topiary art: is it a Teddy Bear (2) or just a cleverly trimmed shrub? Sir Arthur using the direct telephone line (3) between his house and Bomber Command Headquarters, and acting as his own chauffeur (4) on the way back to work. **PAGE 119** Photos, Picture Post, Keystone



Flt Sgt. J. H. ASPDEN
Bomber Command, R.A.F.
Over Germany, 16.4.43.
Age 28. (Pontnewydd)

The Roll of Honour

1939-1946

Readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED who wish to submit photographs for inclusion in our Roll of Honour must fill in the coupon which appeared in No. 230. No portraits can be considered that are not accompanied by this coupon.

L. A. B. BARKER
Fleet Air Arm
North Sea, 4.7.45
Age 20. (Rochdale)



Trooper J. H. BARKER
8th Reconnaissance Regt.
In action: Calcar, 26.2.45.
Age 24. (Canada)



P/O. F. BATTY
H.M.S. Illustrious.
Died of wounds: U.S. 8.6.41.
Age 41. (Manchester)



Flt Sgt. W. BRAND
9 Sqn., Royal Air Force.
In action: Bergen, 12.1.45.
Age 22. (Sheffield)



Gdn. G. F. BRICKWOOD
4th Bn. Coldstream Gds.
Action: Normandy, 30.7.44.
Age 21. (Swavesey)



Flt Sgt. C. BRONHAM
Pathfinder Force, R.A.F.
In action: Stettin, 5.1.44.
Age 28. (Pontypridd)



Sgt. A. G. B. S. G. BUGG
Bomber Comd. R.A.F.V.R.
Action: Frankfurt, 10.4.43.
Age 20. (Tottenham)



Pte. H. J. CLARK
Royal West Kent Regt.
In action: Burma, 1.1.44.
Age 27. (London)



Pte. W. J. COUSINS
5th Essex Regt.
D. of wounds: Caen, 31.7.44.
Age 23. (Maldon)



Sgt. D. DART
Royal Air Force.
In action: Berlin, 27.1.44.
Age 20. (Blandford)



Tele. F. H. ELKES
H.M.S. Nich.
Off Normandy, 26.6.44.
Age 22. (Uttoxeter)



Tpr. R. A. O. FULLER
5th R. Inniskilling Drgn. Gds.
Action: Normandy, 21.8.44.
Age 18. (Caterham)



Pte. G. HARNBY
King's Own Royal Regt.
Died: Ceylon, 28.9.42.
Age 32. (W. Hartlepool)



A. B. H. HART
Royal Navy.
Mediterranean, 1.9.44.
Age 38. (Willenhall)



Pte. N. HAZELHURST
South Stafford Regt.
D. of wounds: Bruges, 10.4.45.
Age 19. (Bilston)



Sgt. W. HEALEY
262 Coy., R.A.S.C.
Died of wounds, 13.4.45.
Age 30. (W. Hartlepool)



Pte. W. HUDSON
Royal Artillery.
Died of wounds, 28.7.44.
Age 28. (Edmonton)



Sgt. A. G. T. S. JAMES
Royal Air Force.
Over Hamburg, Nov. 43.
Age 31. (Sheshards Bush)



O. S. E. JENKS
Royal Navy.
Off Channel Is., 23.10.43.
Age 17½. (Market Drayton)



Cpl. O. C. JONES
Royal Army Medical Corps.
West Africa, 26.3.41.
Age 22. (Cardiff)



L. Cpl. J. F. KITCHENER
Royal Marines.
In action: Antwerp, 23.2.45.
Age 21. (Stansted)



Fusilier A. LANE
Royal Welch Fusiliers.
Burma, 7.5.44.
Age 29. (Greenwich)



Flt Sgt. H. LAWLEY
614 Sqn., R.A.F.
In action: Poona, 21.2.45.
Age 22. (Brierley Hill)



V. G. LAWRENCE
Flt Sgt. R.A.F.
Bombing ops, 28.8.42.
Age 19. (Gloucester)



Gnr. H. A. McCART
1st Maritime Regt., R.A.
In action: at sea, 9.3.43.
Age 21. (Belfast)



Rfn. N. McFARLAND
Royal Ulster Rifles.
In action: Ranville, 7.6.44.
Age 21. (Ilfracombe)



Pte. F. G. MASON
Royal Scots Fusiliers.
In action: Burma, 3.3.45.
Age 26. (Torquay)



Pte. H. W. MORRIS
6th Bn. R. W. Kent Regt.
In action: Cassino, 26.3.44.
Age 22. (London)



Flt Sgt. R. OSWALD
44 Rhodesia Sqn., R.A.F.
In action: France, 25.6.44.
Age 20. (Ryton)



L. Cpl. L. OTTEWELL
3.4 Hampshire Regt.
In action: Italy, 15.9.44.
Age 23. (Heanor)



W. PANKHURST
Coder Royal Navy.
N. Atlantic, 23.9.43.
Age 34. (Newcastle/Lyme)



Fus. F. W. J. SEXTON
R. Inniskilling Fusiliers.
D. of wounds: Italy, 3.11.43.
Age 29. (Wimbledon)



Flt Sgt. R. SMITH
467 Sqn., R.A.F.V.R.
Action: Wurzburg, 17.3.45.
Age 21. (Bournemouth)



Pte. F. C. STEPHENSON
Gordon Highlanders.
In action: Rees, 23.3.45.
Age 31. (Spilsby)



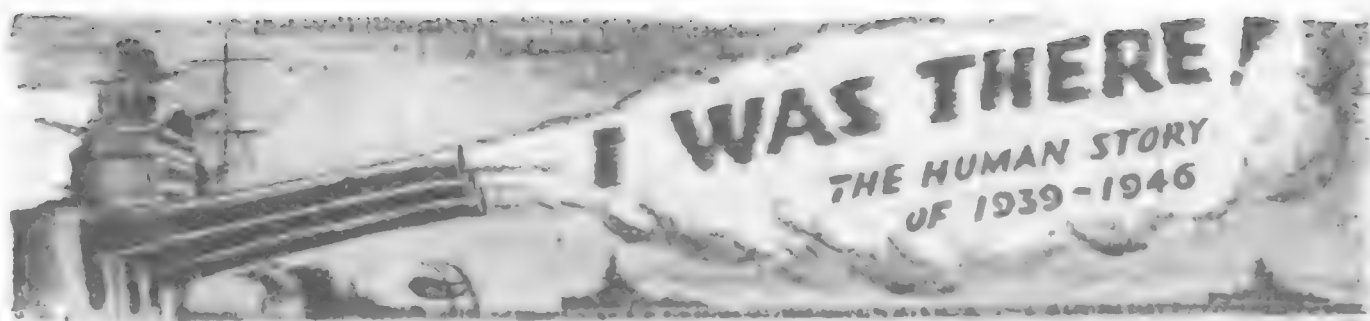
Pte. W. WALKER
King's Own Yorkshire L.I.
Died: Burma, 15.8.42.
Age 21. (Bradford)



Gdn. L. WIMBRIDGE
3rd Bn. Irish Guards
Died of wounds, 9.8.44.
Age 31. (Ycovil)



Pte. E. W. WOOSNAM
East Lancashire Regt.
In action: Caen, 8.7.44.
Age 18. (Wallasey)



18 Days Adrift on an Invasion Barge

Homeward bound in November 1942 the S.S. Barberry was sunk by a German torpedo, and Merchant Navy Seaman Harry Heinson, flung into the Atlantic, found himself alone. Tersely he describes the long ordeal that followed. He was later awarded the British Empire Medal.

SEVEN days out from New York and about 275 miles north-east of Newfoundland we ran into really bad weather, lost all our boats and rafts on the port side, and a 135-ton invasion barge we were carrying on deck was split to pieces. On November 26, 1942, the captain decided to turn back. A couple of hours after we had left the convoy a torpedo struck us.

I ran below and rang the alarm. On deck again, I happened to glance towards the



H. HEINSON, B.E.M.

stern—and there was a U-boat. I could see a man in the conning tower, quite clearly. But it was too late for our gunners to take a pot at her; for, there was no doubt about it, we were going down. I started to help lower one of the lifeboats, but there was a kink in the rope and it seemed we were going to be unlucky for the last time on this earth. I crawled back to the davit and managed to cut the rope, and as the boat, with its fifteen occupants, dropped clear, I was swept into the Barberry's well-deck by an enormous wave. The next I knew I was struggling in the water, thanking God for my lifebelt. At first I could see nothing; then I made out a log, about eighteen feet long. I struggled to it and hung on. Then I spotted part of our smashed-up invasion barge, and decided to abandon the log for the somewhat greater safety of that piece of wreckage.

The wind was with me, and as I reached the barge a big cabbage floated by. Almost unconsciously I grabbed it and tossed it aboard, and then clambered after it up the five-foot side. Now I felt fairly safe and I looked around for my comrades. Fifteen of them were in that lifeboat all right, and I was mighty glad that by cutting the rope as I had done I had given them a chance of being saved. I shouted, but they did not hear me. Then I heard the rattle of machine-gun fire and hastily I laid low. I thought it was the U-boat peppering away.

Presently I took stock of my surroundings. My bit of barge was no more than 15 feet by 10, and I found it difficult to stand upright because of the slope. Around the sides were lockers, and as darkness was falling I tore open one of the lids and removed some cases of stuff so that I could get some sort of shelter for the night. There was just enough room for me in that locker; but I had no sleep, for with the rolling of the barge cases were constantly bumping about.

The cases were painted grey on the outside, but the insides were unpainted. The

notion came to me to break up about thirty of them and spread the unpainted insides uppermost over the deck—I figured they might be spotted by a chance R.A.F. plane and there would be possibilities of rescue. But most of the pieces as I laid them down were washed overboard, and at last, thoroughly worn out, I reckoned I would be safer if I returned to my two-foot wide locker. But it was impossible for me to stay there long.

It rained and snowed and was freezing cold. I was ravenously hungry—and suddenly remembered the cabbage. It had been washed overboard, but was still floating alongside. I fished it aboard and took a couple of bites. I don't think much of raw cabbage for a starving man, but it was better than nothing. I wondered if there might be anything eatable in the other lockers, and forced another open. No, there was nothing to eat, but there were several torches, plenty of cutlery, and some lubricating oil. The latter was a real find, and I stripped and rubbed it all over my body.

I Guessed the End Was About Due

Further locker-searching revealed two one-gallon jars of fresh water, and a pair of binoculars. But no food. As the interminable days and nights passed I became very weak. I had chewed all my buttons, even, and I guessed the end was about due. I tried to occupy myself at something, moving up and down my piece of barge, holding on to a bit of rope for safety. To counter the effects of snow and hail, which was constantly falling I continued to rub myself with oil, as best I could, every day. I tried to cheer myself up by looking at my wife's photograph, whenever there was enough light to see by, and imagining she was telling me to keep my chin up and I'd be rescued presently.

On December 13, a Sunday, I got tired of seeing and hearing bits of wood banging and floating about on the deck. Angrily I tossed one of them overboard, and in the early morning mist it seemed to me that it

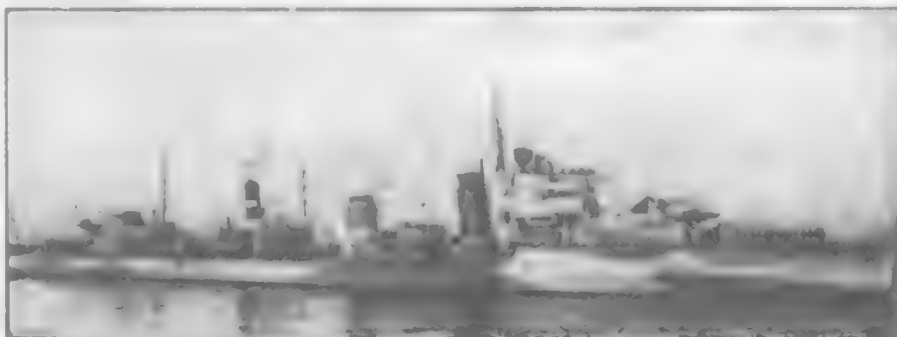


Mrs. HARRY HEINSON, whose portrait was the sole source of comfort and hope to her husband adrift and alone in the Atlantic. Photo, Daily Mirror

remained sticking up in the water. Fascinated, I threw in another piece. That too remained sticking-up. And then I realized I was beginning to "see things." It was certainly a nasty jolt!

A few minutes later I thought I saw a cross-spar—and then a submarine. I took a quick look through the binoculars. Nothing but a blur. But as I continued to look the blur came slowly nearer, and I realized it was a Polish destroyer. It turned out to be the Garland. A year seemed to pass before they threw me a rope. With difficulty I made it fast around myself and gave them the signal to haul away.

I was nearly all-in when they dragged me aboard, but I had just enough breath left to ask my rescuers to present the binoculars (which, somewhat to my own surprise, I found myself still clutching) to their captain. At first I was mistaken for a nigger, I was so smothered in oil. They took me to the ship's hospital and stripped me and put me to bed. I kept craving for something to eat. But the ship's doctor gave me only beef-tea.



POLISH DESTROYER GARLAND, appearing as a "blur which came slowly nearer," rescued seaman Heinson when he was "beginning to see things," on December 13, 1942. Twelve days later he was spending Christmas with his wife, who had been informed that her husband had been lost at sea. PAGE 121 Photo, British Official

I Was There!

On that same day (Sunday the 13th) the doctor came to me, at about two minutes to midnight, and asked me where my lifebelt was. I could see there was something wrong by the look on his face. He told me there was a submarine hanging around, and the lifebelt might be wanted. The night was pitch-black and the U-boat was surfaced, but it did not see the Polish destroyer, which had to swerve suddenly to avoid collision with it. Our crew let fly with one-pound shells and a 4.7-in. gun, then unloaded some depth-charges. And that was the end of the

submarine. I like to think it was the same U-boat that had sent the old Barberry down!

The following Sunday we arrived at a north-Scotland port, where the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society gave me a complete rig-out. Meanwhile, my wife had been informed that I had been lost at sea and she had drawn the pension for five weeks, as I had been presumed dead. I took train to Euston, hoping I should arrive home before the telegram I had sent. And I did—by not more than seven minutes. I still marvel how I survived to spend that Christmas at home.

Our Last Weeks in Jap-Held Manila

In the concentration camp of Santo Tomas, Manila, were 3,700 civilian internees suffering under the oppression of the Japanese. The long ordeal, and the tension among prisoners and gaolers alike in the last weeks before liberation (Jan.-Feb. 5, 1945), are recalled by Ethel Wholey, one of the British women who with her children spent three years there. See also story of Manila's recapture in page 665, Vol. 8.

"You'd better get out before it's too late, you'd better get out before it's too late." What is this strange, insistent tune that goes round and round in my brain? Why, of course, it's our old radio churning out the morning reveille, and that's our radio announcer's way of telling us that "something's moving" in the islands. Maybe there are really landings on Mindoro. (U.S. troops landed there on December 15, 1944.)

Things are certainly becoming grim, and if we don't all get out this month it will be too late for most of us. We can't last much longer on 600 calories a day, and our stomachs are beginning to revolt against this everlasting lugao (soft rice) without sugar or milk. Two meals a day, and a midday one out of what you can save from breakfast—and, if you are in hospital, sometimes hot vegetable soup to help it down.



Mrs. ETHEL WHOLEY

Surely something must happen soon. But we've been saying that in a crescendo or diminuendo of hopefulness for the last three years. More than three years. It was December 3, 1941, when we left Shanghai as "reluctant evacuees" on board the Anhui, the official evacuation ship bound for Australia. Evacuations had always been unpopular, and this last exodus lived up to that reputation. However, the Consul thought it better to send as many women and children as possible out of Shanghai, for many reasons. The Yangtze had been blockaded for two years; the Japanese were occupying the outside roads; food was expensive, and meat, excepting buffalo meat, hard to obtain; unpleasant "incidents" were increasing, and the dollar was rapidly depreciating in value.

Our ship was just one day outside of Hongkong when the Captain called us together for an important announcement. "Since last night we have been at war with Japan," he informed us. "Pearl Harbour was bombed by the Japanese. We were chased by a submarine. Every hour of the night we have been in danger. By the grace of God we are safe. Everybody will carry a lifebelt, and there will be no smoking on deck. Other orders will be issued later."

A few days passed, and our ship put into Manila Bay. Then came the dreadful occasion when the Japs attacked us from the air. The ships all around us were on fire,

and many bombs fell so near that we were thrown off our feet by the concussions. All that night we watched ships burning. The next day the Captain decided that he could not proceed farther with so many women and children on board, and gave orders that we should disembark at Pier 7, taking only our hand luggage.

So we arrived in Manila—450 refugees, dependent for food and shelter on the Red Cross of that city. And there we lived until the fateful January of 1942, when Manila having been declared an open city the Japanese came in through Paranaque. On January 5 the military police started collecting British and Americans for "two days questioning." That was three years ago, and we are still here in the camp at Santo Tomas. Things are certainly grim. Our jokes are growing grim, too, but we do still joke, and that is something the Japs can never understand. Our favourite "joke," at the moment, is that if the Americans don't come soon they will be in time to bury the last internee.

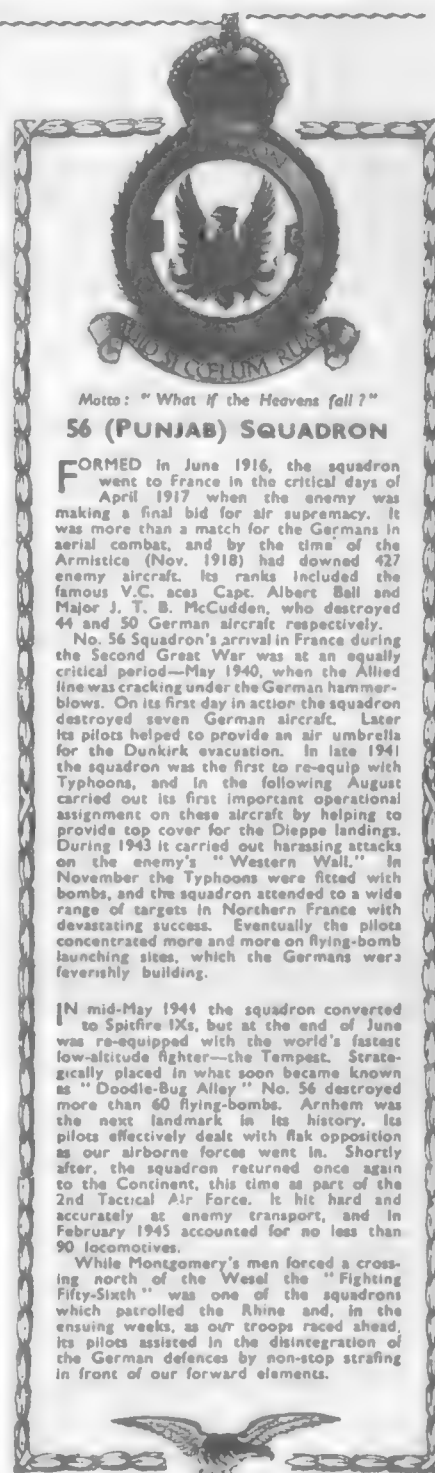
'As One Skeleton to Another'

Dr. Smith comes along, more gaunt than ever. I smile as he approaches, for I think he looks like rows of cotton reels strung together with spindly arms and legs attached by some industrious but inartistic child. He makes a feint of lifting my bed to show how strong he is, and asks, "As one skeleton to another, how are we?" I weigh five stone eight, and I think he doesn't weigh much more. Men are dying at the rate of ten a day and being carried out in rough wooden boxes, sometimes two in a box.

Dr. Stephenson is in gaol for signing certificates, "Death due to malnutrition." Beri-beri and pellagra are rife. What a ghastly sickness the former is, accompanied so often by yellow jaundice. A woman has just been carried in. She is bright yellow, and her legs, arms and stomach are inflated like large, over-blown balloons. It is agony for her to move, and usually the heart is affected. There seems very little hope; but the doctors are wonderful, they never give up.

Today everybody is worn out. Our sleep was disturbed when, in the middle of the night, a Japanese officer and men clumped through the ward, sabres trailing as usual. Their raucous voices roused us. We stiffened spasmodically as they gesticulated near us. They ordered our shutters to be closed, and kept so, regardless of the fact that we could get only very little air. Today they are sending workmen to nail them shut. They think we see too much. They're not far wrong about that; they should hear us cheer when our boys get one of their planes! (Heavy air attacks on the Manila area preceded Allied landings at Lingayen Jan. 9, 1945.)

I am so worried about my children that nothing else seems to matter. They are so haggard-looking, so old. Their translucent,



Motto: "What if the Heavens fall?"

56 (PUNJAB) SQUADRON

FORMED in June 1916, the squadron went to France in the critical days of April 1917 when the enemy was making a final bid for air supremacy. It was more than a match for the Germans in aerial combat, and by the time of the Armistice (Nov. 1918) had downed 427 enemy aircraft. Its ranks included the famous V.C. ace, Capt. Albert Ball and Major J. T. B. McCudden, who destroyed 44 and 50 German aircraft respectively.

No. 56 Squadron's arrival in France during the Second Great War was at an equally critical period—May 1940, when the Allied line was cracking under the German hammer-blows. On its first day in action the squadron destroyed seven German aircraft. Later its pilots helped to provide an air umbrella for the Dunkirk evacuation. In late 1941 the squadron was the first to re-equip with Typhoons, and in the following August carried out its first important operational assignment on these aircraft by helping to provide top cover for the Dieppe landings. During 1943 it carried out harassing attacks on the enemy's "Western Wall." In November the Typhoons were fitted with bombs, and the squadron attended to a wide range of targets in Northern France with devastating success. Eventually the pilots concentrated more and more on flying-bomb launching sites, which the Germans were feverishly building.

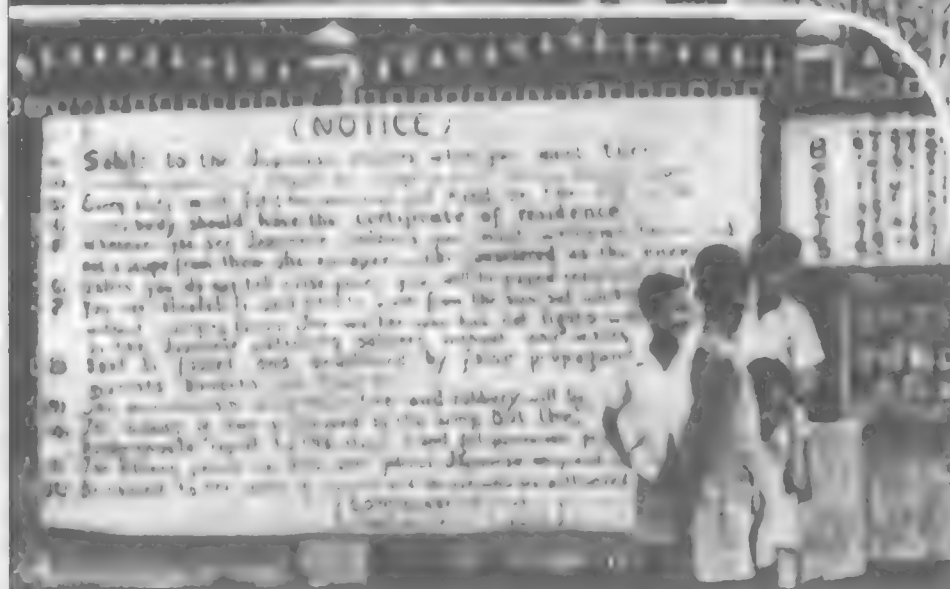
In mid-May 1944 the squadron converted to Spitfire IXs, but at the end of June was re-equipped with the world's fastest low-altitude fighter—the Tempest. Strategically placed in what soon became known as "Doodle-Bug Alley" No. 56 destroyed more than 60 flying-bombs. Arnhem was the next landmark in its history. Its pilots effectively dealt with flak opposition as our airborne forces went in. Shortly after, the squadron returned once again to the Continent, this time as part of the 2nd Tactical Air Force. It hit hard and accurately at enemy transport, and in February 1945 accounted for no less than 90 locomotives.

While Montgomery's men forced a crossing north of the Wesel the "Fighting Fifty-Sixth" was one of the squadrons which patrolled the Rhine and, in the ensuing weeks, as our troops raced ahead, its pilots assisted in the disintegration of the German defences by non-stop strafing in front of our forward elements.

tightly-drawn skin, their lifeless eyes, show the havoc that hunger is making. They have fallen into a dull apathy, much worse than their former irritation. They do not laugh or joke any longer. This day, they sit silent and disinterested. "Hunger!" says my son presently, and never shall I forget the pent-up heartbreak in that young voice. "Hunger!" There is no doubt we are at the end of our tether, as they say in Lincolnshire, my old home. How far away it seems! As long as the kits (packages sent by our Home Government) lasted we could eke out our scanty allowance, but even with the most skilful manipulation we could not make them last for ever.

People have been doing wonderful things with roots and leaves for a long time. Now they are eating snails, frogs and cats—you can get cats skinned and prepared by an internee who has set up in business. He

Life in Manila's Notorious Santo Tomas Camp



CIVILIAN INTERNEES made shift for more than three years with the crude accommodation provided by the Japanese in Manila, as told in the facing page. Huts with roofs of dried grass and other vegetable fibre propped up on poles (1) in the courtyard of the Santo Tomas camp were terribly overcrowded; in the centre, internees are grouped about a charcoal brazier cooking an insufficient meal. When feeding arrangements had been somewhat improved women and men lined up to collect a meal, on a rough-and-ready cafeteria system (2). Twelve commandments displayed for all to see (3) kept the power of the Japs to punish—with death or otherwise—ever in the minds of the people. Emaciated and enfeebled, internees acclaimed the U.S. flag (4) on liberation day, in Feb. 1945.

London, Associated Press; Agence, Keystone

I Was There!



Mrs. WHOLEY'S SON, photographed at the time of this story, beside a ramshackle shack—or alipa—in which many internees lived in Manila.

takes one-third of the meat and the skin in payment. He won't get much more business, as there is only one cat left in the camp and she is intelligent enough to elude capture.

A great blow has fallen upon us. Four of our committee men, for some time detained in the Jap gaol, have now been taken out, and, we fear, to that dread torture house, Fort Santiago. Truly it can be said of that place, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." We have seen men and women back from the Fort shattered in mind and body. They dare not speak of their experiences; their lips are sealed. One woman, a missionary, brought into hospital from Fort Santiago, told something of her experiences. The next night she was collected by armed guards. Even the walls have ears!

Forbidden to Look Up at the Sky

One thing gives us great satisfaction—the manifest uneasiness of the Japs. Ever since the Allied bombing started they have been growing more and more uneasy. Of course, they take it out of us in divers ways. Rules have been tightened up. Women are no longer allowed to read or knit during Roll Call, and all except the sick must stand. The bowing, also—our way of bowing does not meet the approval of the Japanese military. The monitors have been given lessons: hands straight by the sides, feet together, face the Jap sentry, and bow from the waist. It is wearisome now that people are so weak, especially as we must bow to every Jap.

Every time there is an announcement we know there is something disagreeable, though Don Bell, our radio announcer, has done much to keep up our morale. Pennies From Heaven was played when the first Allied bombs dropped on Manila. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes was played when cooking in shanties was forbidden, and Better Leyte Than Never, though made in connexion with a consignment of rice, told us when the Allies landed on Leyte. (October 20, 1944.)

Yes, the Japs are definitely uneasy. They have made themselves burrows in the earth, commonly called foxholes, and to these they have taken all their valuable documents, chiefly, one would imagine, complaints about

food, and suggestions that they should follow international law, since Judge de Witt fairly plastered their office with letters on that subject, until, because of his importunity, he was banished to Lds Banos.

Evidently the foxholes do not come up to requirements, for visitors tell us that the Japs are taking out the papers and making a bonfire of them. For a long time they have been bringing trucks full of crates into the camp, and we have seen them burying barrels of petrol around the walls. Now they are drilling outside, and yelling.

Internees are being punished for receiving food unlawfully; the gaols are full of offenders—most of them offenders against the food regulations. One internee, a Chinese American, is there for refusing to sign the oath. He is the only man who didn't sign, and has been in gaol for three months. It is now a crime to look up at the sky, and internees if seen doing so are made to stand at the gate for hours as a punishment. The place is full of rumours, chiefly of kits, maybe because we need them so badly. (Further Allied landings took place on January 29, 1945.)

Suddenly, as we are lying wooing sleep, we hear cheers and shouting, and my neighbour exclaims wildly, "The Americans!" Then a voice shouting, "Where is my wife?" It is Frank Hewlett, of the Associated Press, who has come in with the first tanks. How we hug and kiss these boys of the First U.S. Cavalry Division! But our difficulties are not yet over. There is constant rattle of gun-fire, for the Japs have planted machine-gun nests in the rooms in the Education Building, where there are 220 young children and other internees. Our boys cannot fire into them without endangering the children. At last, in order to avoid loss of life, we have

come to terms with our enemies—they are to be conducted out, with arms and ammunition, to within 100 yards of their own lines. How happy we are to see these jolly young boys of the First Cavalry, to hear something of what is happening in the outside world and to have food in abundance.

The Battle of Manila rages night and day over our heads. Charred fragments are blowing into the ward, and we are afraid of fire. Shrapnel is spattered all over the camp. One of our buildings has been struck by a shell, and there are many casualties. We are ordered to move down into the church for safety. We sleep on the floor for a week, then the main building is struck again. Many of our friends, among them one of our pastors, are killed, and more are injured. We are moved out to Quezon city.

Begged for Mercy but Mown Down

For twenty-one days the battle has raged and we have seen unforgettable sights, heard almost unbelievable stories of savagery as victims of these murderers are brought to the care of army nurses and doctors. Young girls, roped together, covered with petrol and burnt, women stabbed and mutilated as they ran from homes wantonly set on fire; babies struck on the head, and mothers mowed down as they begged for mercy; Swiss, Spanish, Germans, Filipinos, all slaughtered without discrimination; whole families wiped out in this incredible orgy of blood.

During the battle a shell struck the Quezon Institute, but no one was injured. Now reports say that Intramuros, the scene of the last enemy organized resistance, has fallen, the Japs have retreated across the Pasig River. And Manila, that pearl of the Orient, is left broken, ruined, despoiled of her beauty.

Derf's Workshop Under the Harz

Major A. Forrest, 107 H.A.A. Regt., R.A., describes his visit in 1945 to a colossal V-weapons factory. To the north of Nordhausen, in Germany, this workshop in the belly of a mountain, excavated by slave labour, was the birthplace of rockets and doodle-bugs designed for our destruction.

"AROUND you," remarked the American soldier quietly, "lie the means of destroying England, perhaps the world!" Here, indeed, the Nazi war industrialists had conspired to turn the War after D-Day in Europe, June 6, 1944—to obliterate our British cities.

I stood, this June day of 1945, within the slave-excavated belly of a mountain, a sole Englishman surrounded by vaults filled with derelict infernal machines; my feet on a causeway of limestone; above me an impenetrable bomb-proof roof of rock 800 feet thick. I was in a catacomb created by modern war conditions where thousands of men and women had laboured to let loose hell on earth. And the contrast of Nature's mood outside added to my extreme discomfiture within.

There, under a blue sky devoid of clouds, and spreading over 90 square kilometres of magnificent forest scenery, lie the Harz mountains, a bountiful district of quiet verdant valleys with timbered and red-roofed villages, places which because of their seclusion and peace had been set aside as hospital and convalescent centres for Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe wounded.



Major A. FORREST

Where I stood was the scene of Hitler's so-called invulnerable V1 and V2 weapons factory—the only combined Vergeltungswaffe (revenge weapon) installation ever brought into operation. It lies six kilometres to the north of Nordhausen, a town with several thousand inhabitants in the extreme south of the Harz district. Even with this information it is not easily tracked down. Those treeless, white-scarred terraces scaling the mountain's south-easterly face hint at nothing more sinister than surface limestone quarrying. With binoculars an observer might gain a different impression. Yet, on second thoughts, I doubt if even then he could pinpoint at the hill's base those tiny entrances into the rock so ingeniously camouflaged.

So unobtrusive are these four apertures, two on the north and two on the south flank, serving equally as exits and entrances, that not a single Allied bomb or shell pitched in the vicinity. Nor by the name of Mittel Werke, by which it was known alike by its directors, executives, S.S. personnel and slave labourers, does the factory give the outsider any clue as to its intentions.

THE Nazis' V-weapon output fell short of the total desired for war-winning blows chiefly as a result of the R.A.F.'s precision bombing. But here, immune from such interference, the rocket propulsion experts led by General Dornberger and Professor von Braun had promised their Fuehrer so massive an output of V2s (the 12-ton A-4 rocket weapon, as our scientists know it) that launchings against England could be effected and maintained at a rate of 1,000 a day! Imagine, in any one period of 24 hours, a thousand of these missiles, technically long-range shells

I Was There!

of great pulverizing power, plunging into the midst of London or Manchester or Edinburgh or Liverpool, with our A.A. and Fighter Defences (so brilliantly deployed against the V1), powerless to divert or destroy them!

Fortunately, the factory never came within appreciable measure of full production. It opened shop late in 1944, after 16 months of frenzied, slave-sweated hewing, during which 10,000,000 tons of rock must have been shifted, and huge power plants, air-conditioning apparatus, and several thousand machines, many on the S.S. Priority Secrets list, were installed. From then on, until its seizure—which was a most dramatic surprise to directors caught eating their luncheon sandwiches—by a combat group of the American 9th Army in April 1945, its examiners booked out an aggregate of approximately 1,800 V1s and 1,000 V2s. In the same period several hundred aero-engines for the Junkers Flugzeug und Motorenwerke firm had been manufactured within the third and least important sector of the factory.

Rockets With 3,000 Miles Range

As the outcome of one month's investigation into the machinery assembled here, an American scientific adviser, Major W. Bromley, declared as his belief that within six months after VE Day this factory would have been producing rocket weapons with not, as at the time, a 220-mile horizontal range but with a "carry" of 3,000 miles. Revenge weapons, that is, capable of flooring New York's skyscrapers!

As I walked in the greyness and gloom, with the American G.I. as a guide through these corridors, offices, workshops and factory lines, all now unoccupied, I became obsessed by the awful power of science when it is organized for death. During my excursions I discovered, though of course I did not cover the entire distance afoot, no less than 22 miles of subterranean tunnels comprising long main galleries used as assembly lines and delivery or supply lines, interlaced by a series of separate vaults or caverns, each serviced and set out as a workshop, each performing specialized tasks, each with its own roster of shift-masters and slave workers. Electricity, water and air-cooling systems infiltrated to every department, including offices and latrines offset in the rock walls of their respective vaults.

Most conspicuous were the two main shafts or galleries running parallel north and south. They pierced the mountain from flank to flank, travelling each a distance of 1½ miles from daylight through darkness into daylight again. Then, intersecting these two parallel routes, like cross-pieces in a web, were 42 vaults described in the German as either Stollen or Halle. Each is an independent cave 500 yards long, 25 feet high, and about 36 feet wide. A few are double-deckers, divided for storage purposes into an upper and lower floor.

I saw reinforced walls at the entrances and exits of the main galleries only. Here, to a penetration of 400 yards, the naked walls and ceilings had been covered by concrete and brick. As for the rest of the tunnelling, it is rough-hewn, unsupported, and drill marks score the limestone's face. There is one exception to be found in Halle 29, the V2 turbine and fuel pump assembly shop. Here, in token of the value put on the machinery and processing used, steel girders had been erected as protective ribs against roofs and walls—mighty girders with interlocking cross-pieces.

It was impressed on me that between 25,000 and 30,000 foreign workers had died in these chambers since excavations began in earnest in August 1943. Theirs was no simple death. Forced to operate the drills in these shafts and clear away the debris, with S.S. foremen using whips and wild dogs to herd them, they must have trembled at the slightest

falling off, knowing full well that it implied one fate only—the crematorium. Moreover, such was the atmosphere of thick limestone dust, in which they sweated, that thousands died from tuberculosis and other lung diseases, their illness aggravated by the infamous treatment meted out to them.

As stimulants to the lax or rebellious the S.S. staged mass hangings periodically, actually carried out inside the mountain. The factory's crane combined the functions of gallows and execution block. Workers themselves were compelled to act as hangmen of their fellow shift-workers, whilst the Nazis looked on. According to evidence of survivors at the local camp called Dora, a workers' compound just outside the mountain, with wooden huts, barbed wire, raised observation and spot-light towers and other conventional concentration-camp paraphernalia, deaths in this vicinity totalled thousands. The American liberation forces saw piles of rotting corpses.

The cold, artificial wind coursing out of the vents beneath the dazzling white arc lights, which were kept switched on for the benefit of American patrols and guards, never abated. I shivered and walked on. That the Nazis thought certain bodies worth at least temporary preservation was made clear when, at the entrance to a Halle, I came across a Red-Cross sign, and on a wooden door the legend "Nordhausen Krankenhaus." Inside, I discovered a complete sick bay, consisting of a series of wooden cubicles, barren except for some very utilitarian chairs and beds. Here, special operatives received treatment. It was not healthy to stay too long in these plywood compartments, since typhus had been detected. The Americans had put up on a door their warning-off sign, "Off Limits to All Troops."

Halle 29 was impressive not only in size but in its contents. Here I found intact a whole series of V2 steam turbines and combustion units, each assembly housed in a steel framework which assisted fitment of the separate units; overhead electrically-driven pulleys had operated, carrying the engines to their

assembly lines. I counted 53 steel cages in this girdered engine-room, then abandoned count. "The firework foundry," commented the G.I. laconically.

Close to this lies the Halle in which the V2s' cylindrical fuel tanks were stored, and at the time of my first visit many were still there: though emptied of their fuel—the "liberated" displaced workers saw to that! They knew that each V2 was equipped, like the V1, with an alcohol fuel tank; in the case of the V2, a 500-gallon container with a 40 per cent alcohol content. And on this so-called "buzz-bomb juice" they made whoopee, to their own detriment. The stuff, literally firewater, soon had its victims raving.

Lightness of Metal Amazed Me

Incidentally, each V2 when assembled carried two of these huge tanks, one containing alcohol as described, and the other liquid oxygen, a fuel load which, when combined, weighed eight tons, or three-quarters of the weight of the entire rocket. I was amazed to feel the lightness of the metal used for construction. One picked up a heavy-looking piece, such as a projectile's nose cap, and it almost floated in one's grip. Also astonishingly light-weight, in ratio to their size, were the sheet steel skins which encased these giant rocket-driven shells. These covers, enclosing the combustion unit with venturi, the two fuel tanks and part of the war-head, I estimated to be about 30 feet long and quite six feet in diameter. In one Halle I found four huge plants each of which automatically welded a V2 skin at speed.

Forced labourers in another workshop-tunnel used to do nothing but assemble V2 tail units. In the more westerly of the two main shafts I stumbled on presses and tool precision machines, hundreds of them. "Don't touch it, sir!" warned my guide. "It will cut your hands." I had bent down to pick up a bundle of attractive-looking, fleecy white wool, rolls of which littered this particular floor. It was glass wool, used extensively as insulating material. I owe it to the G.I.'s caution that I did not spend the day recovering glass splinters from my hand.



ROUGH-HEWN FROM THE ROCK, installed with the most up-to-date machinery, this eerie-looking workshop represented only one tiny corner of the monster organization within the Harz Mountains. Nearly 3,000 V-weapons had been produced there by the time the factory was seized by the American 9th Army in April 1945. PAGE 125 Photo, U.S. Army Signal Corps

I Was There!



V-WEAPON WAREHOUSE stacked with parts of flying bombs and rockets from the adjacent "devil's workshop" under the Harz Mountains—the product of thousands of foreign workers who had been enslaved by Germany.
Photo, U.S. Army Signal Corps

miscellaneous collection of V1 and V2 parts, and the workers' squalid encampments. "No one slept in the factory. Work inside was continuous. The only sleep they allowed you was the one from which you don't get up," said a Polish girl, a former assistant in the electric-lamp accessory department.

Twelve thousand workers (I have confirmed this figure from other sources), she asserted, toiled here daily, their labour spread over three shifts. To be late or missing was answerable by torture or death. Each shift, functioning in each Halle or Stollen, had its own master responsible for the assembly and control of workers; in the larger Halle there was also a "Halleleiter" (shop manager) accorded extra powers of control. Thus, until the Americans came, the mountain laboured ceaselessly, enduring a tumult in its belly with machines that screeched, thudded, drummed and sparkled amid thick clouds of dust floating in hot, stifling air. It must have been an ordered, pandemonium of hell.

In curiosity I turned over a number of Arbeitsbücher für Ausländer (work books for foreigners); in each of these identity books (one issued to each displaced national) was a foreword signed by the General Plenipotentiary for Work Production. Its English version runs as follows: "Like the German, so does the foreign worker by brawn and mind serve through his production in Greater Germany the New Order of Europe and the struggle that assures the welfare and happy future of peoples on the European Continent. The foreign worker must always be conscious of his task and his distinction. On these premises rest his position, his achievements and his personal integrity."

It was a happy relief when at the end of a main gallery I came out beneath a canopy of dark camouflage netting into sunlight and sweet air. I took several deep breaths—and thought of the R.A.F.'s intensified programme of strategic bombing, executed day and night, versus the German secret weapon programme bolstered up day and night by ever-increasing hordes of slave labourers; of the master-stroke from the air that in a single raid smashed the £50,000,000 experimental station at Peenemünde, claiming 750 specialists among its victims and setting the V bomb plans back by at least six months.

GOING back through the main easterly gallery I was hemmed in by railway tracks, aluminium air-conditioning tubes running in parallel lines on opposite sides of the roof, and by electric cables housed in a wooden duct under the road surface, conveying power to all the thousand and one machines in the factory. I noticed areas along the shaft where the drilling of new tunnels at right angles to its axis had begun. Actually, Mittel Werke's directors had schemed to drill two more main galleries, parallel with the two existing shafts, and link them by stalls and bays, so trebling the factory's working space. Suddenly I sighted a placard, its text underlined by a skull and cross-bones of the black pattern typical of German minefield notices. It announced "SICHERUNGEN ENTFERNEN IST SABOTAGE" (to withdraw safety devices is sabotage).

Towards the southern entrance I stumbled on another astonishing spectacle. Filling one side of the main gallery were the V1 assembly lines. It was bewildering to see mounted on wooden cradles, in all phases of advancement, scores of "doodle-bugs." Some were minus tail assemblies; others deficient of compressed-air bottles or gyroscopic controls; others had no nose-cap for protection of their war-heads. Not one had wings. The stove-pipe wings of metal or wood fabric (wooden wings were adopted only in the

later stages of the weapon's deployment) travelled independently to be fitted, I believe, in the launching zones.

With no great effort I recalled the blazing jet trails of doodle-bugs at night. When we battled against them, 24 hours a day, in defence of Antwerp, I pictured no scene such as this: a procession of newly-born doodles worming out of their womb on wooden cradles from inside a mountain!

Outside, beneath the friendly sky again, I saw concrete roads, railway lines, a big

Winning the First George Medals

Serving with the Auxiliary Fire Service at the time, Frank Illingworth graphically tells how the first three George Medals to be awarded were won by his comrades of the Dover Fire Brigade during German dive-bombing attacks on H.M. ships Sandhurst, Gulzar and Codrington in July 1940.

FIFTY Junkers 87 dive-bombers roared out of the clear morning skies into a hail of A.A. fire. The "boof" of Bofors mingled with the roar of the "heavies" and the chatter of machine-guns with A.A. mountings. Pocked with hundreds of shell bursts, the sky was alive with flying metal; and one after another German wings lurched and crashed.

Before I could struggle into fire-fighting kit clouds of smoke soared from three burning warships, from oil storage tanks and a coal saith, and from the burning sea itself. It was 7.15 a.m. on July 27, 1940.

For some time we had anticipated a blitz on H.M.S. Sandhurst and the destroyer Codrington tied up alongside the supply ship in the inner harbour—the Camber—at Dover. A few hours before this early

morning attack the Luftwaffe had been over in force. The R.A.F. had had no opportunity to interfere: defence rested with the shore batteries and guns of ships in the harbour. And if the barrage was such that the enemy lost much of his bombing accuracy at least one bomb had exploded sufficiently near the Codrington to break her back. But the Sandhurst had survived. Now the Luftwaffe was back to finish off the job.

The enemy crossed the coast at about 2,000 feet, wheeled behind Dover Castle and attacked out of the sun in steep dives. In a twinkling hell was let loose. As I pedalled to the fire station, heads popped from bedroom windows to cheer the destruction of a Junkers hit by two shells simultaneously. The Junkers exploded, and fell in the form of steel rain. On either



H.M.S. SANDHURST WITH THE DESTROYER CODRINGTON, anchored in the Camber, Dover Harbour, after the fire and bombing attack described here. Smoke is rising from burning oil, which spread over the water and enveloped the ships, endangering their ammunition. PAGE 126

I Was There!



Sec-Ldr. A. CAMPBELL Chief-Officer E. HARMER Dep.-Chief C. BROWN
The first George Medallists of the war, a shop assistant, and peacetime policeman, they earned their awards in those burning, shell-shattered days described in the accompanying story. Mainly through their efforts a most dangerous situation in Dover Harbour was narrowly averted.

side, two aircraft staggered and trailed black smoke-plumes towards the sea.

"Look!" a girl shrieked. "Three men have jumped out of that plane!" But they were bombs, and the attacking Junkers came hurtling past the cliffs in almost perpendicular power-dives. Bombs crashed into the Royal Naval auxiliary H.M.S. Gulzar, tied up in the Camber. Others exploded on the Eastern Arm. And H.M.S. Sandhurst was hit. By a miracle the supply ship survived the missile that entered one of her holds and, in the words of Warrant Engineer Fox, "did a kind of circular tour and then made its exit to explode on the jetty." But the Sandhurst was badly shaken; her engine-room inlets burst, and she began to settle.

Wings Falling Out of the Skies

At the fire station we stood by, awaiting the call for assistance. Fascinated by the Junkers and the barrage few of us noticed the approach of R.A.F. formations, until suddenly dog fights broke out between Hurricanes and the Junkers' escorts, some 40 Messerschmitt 109s. Machine-guns added to the clatter of A.A. batteries and exploding bombs. Here and there wings fell out of the skies as Hurricanes chased the marauders into the guns of a second Hurricane formation waiting out to sea. Of the twenty-seven German planes shot down in this attack, I saw six plunge to destruction.

A vast column of smoke over the Camber confirmed that the enemy had accomplished at least part of his purpose, and at about 7.45 a.m. the "in" telephones shrieked at the Fire Station. The Chief, Ernie Harmer, and his deputy, Cyril Brown, were already on their units. Section-Leader Alec Campbell was, as usual, in the middle of the road "watching the fun," which he usually tried to deny us on the grounds that we "might cop a bit of shrapnel." As the machines turned into the street with bells clanging he swung aboard.

For close on two years we had trained for just such an event as now presented itself. The days of make-believe fires were over. This was the real thing, and some of us were nervous at the prospect of fire-fighting beneath an umbrella of enemy wings.

The scene at the Camber was far from reassuring. Fuel-oil flowed around the Sandhurst, and flames gripped the supply ship's stern and surrounded the burning destroyer's upper works. The grey-painted Gulzar, once the property of the Prince of Wales, sat on the bottom of the Camber, on fire, with streams of burning oil stretching towards the Sandhurst. Smoke poured from the supply ship, and from 200,000 tons of coal in the wharf-side saith. An oil pipeline from the storage tanks was severed and from it flaming oil poured into and across the Camber. And overhead enemy wings were droning.

Chief-Officer Harmer took charge of the four fire-pumps. Just two words he uttered, "Get cracking!" And we "got cracking." The Gulzar was an obvious total loss, so we turned towards the Sandhurst; indeed, Alec Campbell was already aboard, helping naval ratings to unload ammunition. With the deck red-hot and flames licking around the stern there was a good chance of the ammunition aboard going up. Furthermore, the destroyer Codrington was enveloped in flames and we didn't know if her torpedoes and ammunition had been removed. Thus there was a definite risk in boarding the Sandhurst alongside her, but the cry "Get the ammo away!" had to be answered.

Hoses were being run out. A tug drew into the Camber with a crew under Section-Officer P. Baynton. From the Eastern Arm Harmer yelled to him, "Throw your jets on to the Sandhurst's stern, Percy!" Other jets flung streams of white foam on to the burning sea, on to the Codrington, the Sandhurst and the fractured pipe-line. But still oil escaped and, burning, spread over the Camber. Faces were scorched. Men had to be relieved every few minutes.

In the meantime, Alec Campbell was in the Sandhurst's operating theatre, fighting on his own a fire that threatened to spread rapidly. Ernie Harmer, Cyril Brown and Hookins were amidstships, directing the hoses. Cyril had lost his smile. Ernie, too, looked grim and Alec was as black as the ace of spades. But gradually the flames were

being beaten back, and we felt confident we were going to save the Sandhurst. Suddenly the air-raid warning "red" signal was given. Abandon ship! The Luftwaffe was returning! Sweating and cursing, Harmer ordered us to the shelters.

Air battles broke out afresh, and the flames began to spread again. Down by the stern, the Sandhurst's side-plates grew red hot and Harmer asked for permission to return to the ship. It was refused. But he persisted; and ultimately the senior naval officer present grudgingly gave permission for selected volunteers to board her. Hookins, wearing breathing apparatus, tried to enter the stern hatchways, but intense heat drove him back. The decks were steaming, the side plates sizzling. Hoses were lowered down the hatchways and directed through the ports.

It took five hours to get the main oil fire under control. And at about 2 p.m. fresh columns of smoke told Dover that the flames were liable to assert themselves again. Aerial warfare swayed across the skies and renewed attack on the burning ships was anticipated. Percy Baynton said something about being "Caught like rats in a trap." But he and the rest remained at the hoses. By 3 p.m. the fire was well under control. The Sandhurst's engine-room hatches were torn off. It proved impossible to enter the poop before the late afternoon, but the flames were finally extinguished by 8 p.m.

TIRE, hungry, blackened, scorched, we returned to the station. We were no longer amateurs, but firemen—though no one for a moment imagined that three of our number were to be awarded the George Medal. It was weeks before a citation took us back to that flaming day at the end of July 1940. "In a recent large-scale attack by enemy bombers on Dover Harbour," the London Gazette said, "fires were started in ships and oil stores. Air raids continued throughout the day. All members of the Dover Fire Brigade and the Auxiliary Fire Service did excellent work in difficult and dangerous circumstances and the fires were extinguished. The individuals named volunteered to return to a blazing ship containing explosives, in which they fought the flames while enemy aircraft were in the vicinity." Their names were Ernie Harmer, peacetime policeman; Cyril Brown, also of the police force; and Alec Campbell, shopman in a hardware store—the first of the war's George Medallists.

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

THE atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, August 6, 1945, resulted in 78,150 Japanese killed, 13,983 missing, 9,428 seriously injured, 27,997 slightly injured; total 129,558. In addition, another 176,987 were rendered homeless or suffered sickness from after-effects: total of 306,545 thus affected by the bomb. These final casualty figures were announced by Allied H.Q. Tokyo on February 2, 1946.

IN the period from October 1, 1941, to March 31, 1946 (stated Mr. Attlee in the House of Commons on April 16, 1946), we supplied to the Soviet Union 5,218 tanks, of which 1,388 were from Canada; also 7,411 aircraft, including 3,129 sent from the United States. The total value of military supplies dispatched amounted to approximately £308,000,000. We also sent about £120,000,000 of raw materials, foodstuffs, machinery, industrial plant, medical supplies and hospital equipment. Forty-one outward convoys went to Russia during the War.

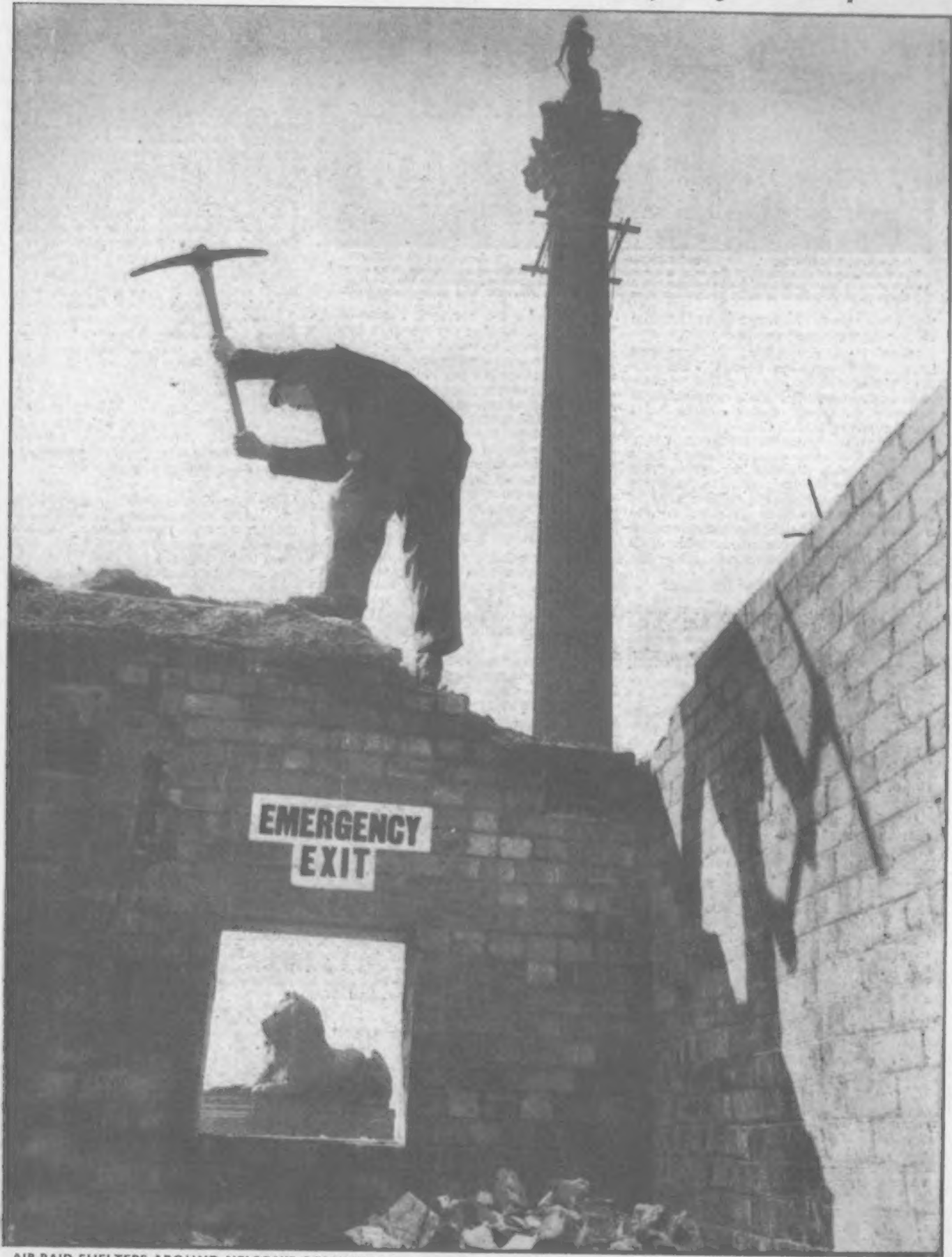
FROM the winter of 1941 onwards, immensely strong air-raid shelters of reinforced concrete were built in Germany, states the International Committee for the Study of European Questions. With walls and roofs of a thickness of up to 9 feet 10 inches

they could resist even a direct hit. Düsseldorf had 24, Hanover 44, and Hamburg 157, one of which alone could shelter 60,000 persons. In Essen (in which only 320,000 inhabitants remained) 111 old mining tunnels, some of them shut down decades ago, were reopened, providing shelter for 240,000 people of this heavily-bombed Ruhr town.

SOUTH NORWAY was almost clear of land-mines by April 1946 (according to the Norwegian State Information Service), except in the Stavanger district, where some areas were found to be still dangerous after German gangs had declared them free of mines. In Finnmark, North Norway, however, mine clearance was still far from finished and had been delayed by winter frosts, which prevented work. It was expected that German gangs working under Norwegian control would be able to clear the rest of the minefields during the summer of 1946.

FIGURES published in Oslo on April 3, 1946, show that casualties among Germans engaged in mine clearance in Norway have been high—over ten per cent. The number of Germans killed totalled 500 out of 4,300. Casualties among Allied troops were two British killed and three injured, and six Norwegians killed and six injured.

V-Day Parade Clear-up in Trafalgar Square



AIR-RAID SHELTERS AROUND NELSON'S COLUMN were removed in preparation for the great parade on June 8, 1946. Their purpose served, they might have performed a final function as grandstands for a lucky few on the Day; but their removal was desired in the interests of all. Framed in an emergency exit of one of the shelters—with a busy pick demolishing the roof—is one of Landseer's four bronze lions at the base of the memorial to Nelson's last victory. Near the Column's summit is steeplejacks' scaffolding. (See also illus. in page 82.) *Photo, Planet News*

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